TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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The End of the Session.

"Don's" Opinion of Sir John and Sir Richard.

OTTAWA, June 29.

As a Conservative I listened in the gallery of the House of Commons on Tuesday evening to Sir Richard Cartwright's arraignment of the Government in the Caron matter, with all the irritation which the Knight of Despair excites in the hearts of those who believe that he is saying much truth but saying it in an exasperating and misleading way. When he told us that he despaired of Parliamentary government in Canada no one was astonished, for he has despaired of everything on earth and sea. When he taunted the Government as conspirators, those who heard him who were acquainted with public affairs knew thoroughly well that there has been no conspiracy more contemptible than that of the Liberal party to bring about Commercial Union, which, as the Hon. Edward Blake says, means Annexation. In fact Sir Richard told the old story, and as it was apparent that his friends listened to him with weariness it cannot be an evidence of political bigotry to say the Government listened to him with disgust. His chief aim in life seems to be irritating; he would rather be hateful than acceptable; to be known as the purveyor of political nastiness seems to be his ambition; to see an opponent squirm as he tears his flesh is one of his chief delights. Thus, when we see him as a public torturer we begin to hate him; he is as objectionable to the Canadian public as the court hangman was of old, as horrible a political exhibit as the executioner in the time of the French Revolution, as unlovely a personage as the manipulator of the thumb-screw, the rack and the skull-crusher of the Inquisition. Why a man should desire to have this sort of reputation is to me inconceivable. That he must expect to be tortured with his own pincers, to have his limbs crushed on his own rack, is most natural.

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Yet when Sir John Thompson opened up his reply by stating that he would meet Billingsgate with Billingsgate, and when white with passion and his voice trembling with the intensity of his desire to inflict pain upon his opponent he proceeded to say nasty things, I thought less of him than I had ever thought of Sir John Thompson before. Because Sir Richard Cartwright sees fit to lower himself to the grade of a public torturer is no reason why the first Commoner of Canada, a man who is believed to have been religious from childhood and to have changed his religion because of conscience, should lower himself to the same grade. Sir John Thompson said things on Tuesday night which made Sir Richard Cartwright wince. I watched Sir Richard through the window of the lobby and saw his face darken with malignity, his hand tremble as he held a letter before his face, pretending to read. I listened with much attention to the pointed and crucifying periods of Sir John Thompson. His knowledge of the English language, the control he held over his trembling voice, pale face and tightened lips as he tore open the old sores on Sir Richard's body and poured vitriol into them would have been an interesting exhibit at a bull fight or a cocking main, but altogether it was not an exploit pleasing to me nor one which should have been attempted by the first Commoner of Canada. I cheered him, supporters of the Government cheered him; that was an incident of the political bull fight. There is too much fight in me to restrain my applause when the bull rips a horse or the cock maims his opponent. But after one thinks of these things, when one is at home, or becomes thoughtful as to results when trying to write of such matters, it appears in evidence—evidence supplied by conscience and mind alike—that this is not statesmanship; that Sir Richard's arguments were not to be answered by abuse; that the more expert torturer of the two cannot satisfy public opinion by answering Billingsgate with Billingsgate, while ignoring assertions which, though they came from unlovely lips and may have been accompanied by many things which were objectionable, deserved the attention and the investigation of Parliament.

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If we are running our Government on the basis of corrupting the small but corruptible element which holds the balance of power, we are, as Sir Richard said, engaged in a conspiracy against Parliamentary government in Canada. If Sir Adolphe Caron or any minister or any citizen has been disbursing money to corrupt constituencies; if any contractor or ring of contractors has been associated in such a conspiracy; if any province or any government has been winking at such conduct, the fact remains that a conspiracy is being legitimatized by governmental influence to void the free expression of public opinion and the decent organization of Canadian society. These things cannot be answered by Billingsgate. Sir John Thompson descended from the plane he has long occupied—that of a high-minded man—to a status no higher than that of a bar-room brawler, when charges made against his administration were answered by epithet instead of argument.

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While this is true, it is also true that Sir Richard's arguments, as Sir John said, applied to his own following quite as well as to the following of the Government. Indecent means have been employed by both parties, and Sir Richard's phillipic was more a wail of disappointment than the outcry of outraged virtue. This we all knew, yet when the Government boasted that in Pontiac, Que., they had achieved a victory which was an endorsation of their policy and a rebuke to Sir Richard, every man within the sound of the speaker's voice knew that it was an empty and contemptible boast. The election in Pontiac was contested by both parties on the basis of a bonus granted some years ago to a local railway, which, with interest, amounts to between a hundred and fifty and a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Both parties have been alleging that they could relieve the constituency of this debt. At the Liberal convention, where Mr. Tom Murray was nominated, the escape from the payment of this bonus was the entire theme of discussion. Politics, cleanliness of public life, economy, proper expenditure of public funds, patriotism, nothing had a place in that convention save the song and dance with regard to escaping the payment of a debt which had been legally incurred by the people. The Conservative fought the fight on the same low plane, and he won by a very large majority. As an affair of political tactics this may be a matter for congratulation, but when Sir John Thompson stands up in the House and claims it a triumph of patriotism and a rebuke to Sir Richard Cartwright's treason, his own followers cannot fail to feel contempt for the man who uses such an argument. The man who falsifies and hopes to be believed can be excused, but the man who falsifies and knows that he is known as a falsifier can not be excused unless he be the unnoticed mercenary who goes about fighting campaigns at so much per night. The first Commoner in this country cannot engage in such employment without losing caste even with his own followers. Sir Richard was made to suffer on Tuesday night, and yet having succeeded in irritating Sir John Thompson to the extent of an illogical, evasive and abusive reply he must be esteemed as the victor.

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I for one am not content to see Canadian politics degenerate into a contest as ignoble as that of the bull pen or the prize ring. Parliament is closing its session. As Canadians we have nothing to be proud of in the conduct of either the Government or the Oppositior. That wrecked and unreliable institution known as the Opposition goes home retaining nothing of public confidence. The Government has exhibited its strength, has in many respects proved unscrupulous in its use of power, has offered measures which in order to shorten the session it has not been unwilling to modify. Conscience has had little to do with the formation or amendment of legislation. The twenty fifth anniversary of Confederation comes to us in a year during which we have had exhibitions of the Opposition's willingness to sacrifice Canada and its future in order to obtain power, and of the Government's willingness to retain power at any price, heedless that part of the price to be paid was the sacrifice of Parliamentary dignity and national decency. For this reason I feel compelled to say that while as a Conservative I am not altogether proud of my party, I am at least glad that I am not a Grit. Yet as a Canadian I am saddened by the thought that if things continue to run on the same low plane it will not be many years before every Canadian will be sorry to wear the name. If his nationality, his impulses, and his methods are to be measured by the Government which he permits to remain in power, or, worse still, by the even lower methods and the still lower standard of the party which desires to obtain power, the Canadian must expect to be used as a pack-horse and thought and spoken of as a thing.

DON.

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Around Town.

The difference between the habits of British politicians and those in Canada has been pretty well evidenced by recent occurrences, notably an incident in connection with Sir Charles Dilke's candidature in the Forest of Dean constituency, and Mr. Gladstone's attitude on the eight hour movement. Lady Henry Somerset wrote to Mr. Wemyss, who is opposing Sir Charles, offering to come down and stump the riding against the blurred knight on moral grounds and promising that Editor Stead would co-operate with her. We are told that Mr. Wemyss indignantly refused the offer and asserted that he would win on political grounds alone or lose honorably. He and his friends have studiously forgotten all that was proven or alleged against the character of Sir Charles, and while many individuals may vote against such a man being restored to his high place in the councils of the nation, yet his supposed sins will not be topics of discussion on the hustings. Anywhere on this continent it would be different. An opponent with such a record would be considered a delightful snap by one of our politicians. The very first move would be to hunt up old newspapers containing sensational accounts of his misdemeanor, secular and religious periodicals that thundered editorial condemnation, the votes of synods and assemblies, and have all this splendid campaign literature printed in pamphlet form and scattered on every footpath and thrust under every door in the constituency. The Lady Somerset, the Steads and ministers of the gospel with sly political leanings and a tragic regard for public morals, would froth against drink, Dilke and the devil from every pulpit and platform in the riding. Coarse jesters—the coarser the better—would be hired at big prices to enter the fray and fortify with their wit the sacred cause of Christian morality. It would be demonstrated by scripture and illustrated by brothel humor that only atheists and escaped convicts could or would support such a candidate. The result would be easy to foretell—the man, however able and however innocent, would be slandered, overpowered and effaced for life and his children's children would not dare stand for any position within the gift of the electorate.

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The course pursued by Mr. Gladstone on the eight hour movement is, if possible, a more astonishing illustration of the difference in political conduct there and here. In the first place, when the leaders of the eight hour movement asked him to define his position on the question he returned a request that they send him a full statement of their contention. Strange to tell, he appears to have studied that statement carefully and to have reached a conclusion by a process of unbiased logic. Apparently he summoned no caucus of heelers who were supposed to carry the various separate sections of the labor vote in their pockets. He considered the question on its merits and reached a conclusion. In the second place, he promptly announced his position, refusing to countenance the eight-hour movement, and even condemning if not ridiculing it. The idea of a political leader on the eve of an election explicitly refusing to favor the hobby, however absurd, of even one individual, is enough to astonish a Canadian. It would have been so easy to dally with the question! The art of indecision, the pretense of semi-conviction is better understood here. Why, a man running for school trustee in Toronto would display more *finesse* than that, while the suicidal candor of it must have confounded our aldermen. Previous to a general election here the party leaders will promise anything the tongue of enfranchised man can name, and if organized laboring men preferred a small request that the earth be deeded over to them, they would receive a solemn promise of it and a hint that if the majority was big enough a surveying party would be sent out to prepare the moon for them also.

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There are other differences between political methods there and here. Politicians in Canada do not wear belts when in debate on the stump. They let blood wherever they can break a vein, from head to heel. There are no amenities, and a public man possesses no private life. If he runs for office the corn on his little toe proves the kernel from which savage editorials spring into life in the enemy's newspapers. But it seems that in British politics they are dignified and preserve a high altitude of argument or at once resort to, shall I say—gingerbread! In our campaign we never come to blows; we never break the peace, but we break everything the mouth can prevail over or the tongue vanquish; we break through all the virtues and decencies. We assault with adjectives, stab with verbs, sandpaper with nicknames and mob with slanders. No doubt these are the substitutes afforded us by higher civilization, since warfare is pronounced barbarous and fisticuff encounters brutal, yet if rightly viewed I think gingerbread missiles less harmful than these. A black eye in time will resume its wonted color, but a besmirched character can never recover whiteness and the footprints of a running lie can never be erased. Occasionally one of our public men loses patience and volunteers to thrash some honorable liar on the opposite side of the House if he will kindly step out into the lobby, but the Speaker calls him to order and the country is disgusted at his low form and his friends reprimand his hot temper. He soon learns to retaliate in a more polished and unmanly way. Human nature is not so bad a guide after all, and now and then one of those affronted members at Ottawa should either fight like a man or crawl away like a spirited mouse and not sit there to be spat upon. It is an unsound morality that trains the first principles of nature out of a man, for certain sneaking substitutes usurp their functions.

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The Bobcaygeon *Independent* has consented to send down an opinion on English politics so that the masses of people throughout the world will know what to think and experience no hesitation in expressing their thoughts on the subject. There has been a feeling of reticence abroad on the subject of English politics, almost suffocating in its intensity, and people have been listening for a voice from Muskoka to break the spell. It has come, bringing a relief like that imparted by the historical research party which a few years ago lifted the *debris* of Pompeii from off the mummified remains of a citizen of that unfortunate town. The Bob. Ind. is usually so busy formulating a policy for Emperor William and framing reprimands when that wayward monarch defiantly pursues his misguided course, that it has somewhat neglected interests elsewhere. The gospel truth might as well be told and Bro. Smiff should admit the truth—his journal has ceased to be the official or favorite advisory organ of the German Government since the calamitous day when Bismarck was deposed. The editor has often of late seated himself on the dock at Bobcaygeon at the calm sunset hour and battled against this unwelcome truth, but finds it irresistible; editorially he has reasoned with the Hohenzollern, but to no avail; has hurled anathemas at him, but they proved impotent. It is clear that he and Bismarck fell together and made one heap of mangled remains. Now he is turning to the discussion of English politics and the cultivation of live stock in Muskoka. More, in an out-of-the-way corner he advocates the independence of Ontario, and such is his insatiable ambition and indelicate effrontery that he nominates himself as first president of the projected republic. "Ontario," he says, "is taxed nearly four million dollars a year to maintain the North-West in comfort and ease and elegance, and yet that North-West refuses, with a perversity and malignancy that is detestable, to make the slightest move towards a boom." This should be stopped. He endorses Gladstone in the present English contest, so the result of the British elections may be considered foregone, and this is a general summary of how things should be: "It is best for the country to have the Liberals in Opposition, merely giving them power occasionally, for a short time, to enable them to fix and establish the progressive measures which their work while in opposition accomplishes. Just as soon as the Liberals have brought domestic affairs up to date, then they should step out. Conservatives are good enough for foreign policy, and doing the goose-step to mark time; Liberals are needed to lead in educating public opinion and in the march of progress."

TRIAL OF CATHARINE OF ARAGON.

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Seriously, that is a pretty accurate measurement of the two political parties in Great Britain. In office the Liberal party of England, during our own times at least, has always been forced to work night and day in order to get its great reforms embodied in law before an angry public should drive the party from power because of its mean and humiliating foreign policy. The party comprehends but one line of procedure. In opposition it devises a wise scheme of reform and by its advocacy achieves power; thereupon concentrating its attention upon domestic legislation and hastening to redeem its pledges before the knell sounds. It bargains to accomplish a certain beneficial result and hammers away at the details of it in stuffy offices while the head of Chinese Gordon is cut off and elevated on a pole outside the gates of Khartoum. The Liberal party takes its brains into the Exchequer and leaves its empty hat in the Foreign office. The Tory party made Britain great and seeks to preserve her greatness; the Liberal party made Britain rich and comfortable and is engrossed in efforts to make her richer and better. The Tory party legislates for the Empire, the Liberal party legislates for the Kingdom; to a Tory, Britain is mistress of the seas, to a Liberal she is the greatest maritime trader.

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If a person looks for these same characteristics in the parties bearing the same names in Canada, he may or may not find trace of them. It depends largely upon the leanings of the searcher. In one important respect the Liberal

party here differs from the parent party in England: it falls in Opposition to hatch and adhere to a winning policy.

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The Dominion Parliament decided to observe Dominion Day this year by closing the doors instead of holding a scimp meeting, as was done last year. That piece of wanton disregard for the sentiment of the country was one of the blunders of this Government, and it is well that it is not repeated. Out in the country towns this twenty-fifth anniversary of Confederation will be right heartily celebrated, but none of the cities will put half the zest and dash into the observance of the day that the day deserves. Since Confederation a new generation has arisen in the land, unacquainted with the provincial prejudices that once marked the citizens of Upper and Lower Canada. To this new generation there is one wide Canada covering half the continent, and provincial lines mean to it little more than county lines. To old men with clear recollections of the dangers that seemed imminent at Confederation and with a nervous idea that some of these are drawing nigh or are partially fulfilled, it is hard to properly estimate the implicit faith in the Dominion that has grown up in the new generation. There is advancement to be made and mistakes to rectify; there are inequalities in the burdens imposed upon the provinces—for the tax-gatherer comes annually to remind us that there are provincial divisions and he sets us thinking of these inequalities—but to Young Canada these are but regarded as small matters which will be adjusted in good time. Confederation is not regarded as on trial. It was here before they were and its continuance is thought to be as natural as the continuance of the United Kingdom. A return to the original fragmentary state will never be thought of, and the patriotic celebration of the day, although not so pronounced nor so general as could have been wished, will still be strong enough to strengthen the sentiment of the new generation.

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The Knights of St. John were as fine a body of men as ever paraded these streets, distinguished alike for their stalwart appearance, sobriety and good temper. Moreover, the Orangemen of this city never before displayed such good sense and courtesy as during the presence of the strangers. By its considerate attitude under the somewhat unusual circumstances of a week ago, the Order has done very much to win back the respect of that great bulk of Protestantism which has nothing to do with Orangeism—respect which the organization lost through the bigotry and rowdyism of individuals, bands or local lodges. It was feared that when the Orangemen came out on parade Friday night something might provoke a conflict; that a question of right of way might arise between the rival processions. This fear was all the more grave because it seemed to emanate from inside the lodge room, street rumor affirming that moderate members had exhausted every effort to prevent the march out. But there was no disturbance worth mentioning and the fact that the rival parades occurred peaceably, each side courteously refraining from playing offensive tunes, has occasioned much satisfaction. The bringing of a Roman Catholic society convention here was a somewhat doubtful experiment, but as the visitors acted like gentlemen and were treated as such it is sure to cause a better appreciation of each other. The Knights placed a generous trust in the hospitality of an Orange town, and the town did not abuse that trust. It was a bold undertaking, extremely creditable in the end to both sides.

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The likelihood of a disturbance did not lie with the Orangemen actually on parade, but they could have been orderly and still have precipitated a riot. If the bands had played vengeful battle airs a belligerent spirit would have taken possession of the rowdies who frequent the street corners and a hot-headed mob would have quickly amassed. These are the fellows who, knowing nothing of the good principles of any cause, disgrace whichever side they espouse. They stand around with hats slouched, shoulders drawn up, mouths in active eruption, each one saying by his actions, as plain as words could put it, "I'm a bad man and my face hurts me." Human wolves, these; dangerous in the pack, but separate and alone, each is a careful coward.

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The member for East York has submitted one of his vigorous ideas to the attention of Parliament. He wishes to have railway fares reduced to two cents per mile, and is content to have the experiment tried for a time on the Midland division of the Grand Trunk. Mr. Maclean argues that this reduction in rates would not reduce the receipts of the railway companies, for the cheapened fares would encourage a greater amount of travel. If there is any similarity between railway fares and postage rates the argument is sound. But there will be prolonged hesitation before Parliament will consent to interfere in this way with the railroads, even though the advantage of the lower rate is conceded. One result quite apart from his ostensible purpose will probably be achieved by Mr. Maclean, for in pressing his suggestion he will provoke a discussion in which the matter of railway passes is certain to crop up. Perhaps a majority of the members enjoy the subtle pleasure of traveling on free passes issued by the railroads, and are thereby more or less hampered in their actions on railway measures. If this two-cent rate is sought out the pave question will be an incident of the fray. MACK.

Social and Personal.

Tuesday was a gala day for Toronto society. Yonge street was crowded with handsome carriages conveying a fashionable throng to Chestnut Park, where Sir David and Lady Macpherson had bidden their friends to a garden party. The grounds were unrivaled in beauty, the weather was perfect, cool and breezy. Great masses of flying clouds sent shadows across the lawns and winding drives of Chestnut Park. The spacious grounds held with ease the large gathering of six or seven hundred people. The guests on arriving passed through the three magnificent reception rooms, rich with oriental rugs and hangings. There the lover of rare china and beautiful ornaments of all kinds might delight himself for hours. After passing through the reception rooms the guests walked through the gallery and down a few steps on to the eastern lawn, which had been converted into a pretty drawing-room. The noble chestnuts with vistas of green lawns between, and here and there the white gleam of statues, formed a picture which could not be easily matched in Canada. A beautiful Turkish rug had been spread in the center of the lawn and here Sir David Macpherson and Mrs. Meybrick Bankes received their guests. It was a matter of the greatest regret that Lady Macpherson was too ill to come downstairs. This was the only dark spot in what proved to be the most successful entertainment of the season. The dresses worn by the ladies were exceedingly bright and pretty. The grounds and the guests appeared at their best advantage. Sir David Macpherson has not looked so strong and well for months as he did on Tuesday. He received many congratulations from his friends on his robust appearance. The refreshments were served in the beautiful and well known conservatories. A long table laden with summer delicacies and exquisitely decorated with flowers extended through the main conservatory. A beautiful background of Virginia creeper and ferns was massed behind the table and set it off to the best advantage.

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The garden party lasted from half-past four until seven, and during the afternoon music was furnished by the Queen's Own Band and by the pipers of the 48 h Highlanders, whose striking costume and splendid physique were much admired by the guests.

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Amongst the many beautiful costumes it is hard to particularize, but we may mention the exquisite gray silk *crepons* worn by Mrs. Blackstock, Miss Bush, Miss Maud Yarker and Mrs. Alexander Cameron as being particularly *recherche*. Mrs. Bankes was exquisitely gowned in a pale mauve *crepon*, with black jet fringes and trimming. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a lovely white and green striped China silk. Mrs. Percival Ridout, a black brocade, relieved with pale blue. All wore large picture hats. Mrs. George T. Denison wore a white and mauve striped silk; Mrs. MacMahon, white and pink striped China silk, with line of black running down the edge of the pink; Miss Todd, a green and white striped silk; Mrs. Nordheimer wore a pink costume with a black hat which had a yellow velvet bow on the front; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, a white serge costume, *a la militaire*, large hat with shaded carnations; Mrs. Langmuir wore a rich brocade of *vieux* rose, bonnet of gold embroidery with roses; Miss Langmuir, pale mauve delaine; Mrs. Cosby, moire with mauve, black and white stripes; Mrs. Beatty, crushed strawberry brocade.

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A partial list of the guests contains the following names: Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Meredith, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Dennistoun, Mr. and Mrs. Dunsford, Dr. and Mrs. Nattrass, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Dixon, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, the Misses Bush of Niagara Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Col. and Mrs. Denison, Col. Grassett, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grassett, Dr. and Mrs. Grassett, Miss Greene, Rev. Henry and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. John Small, Miss Harriet Boulton, Mr. DuMoulin, Miss DuMoulin, Miss Maud MacLean, Miss Cosins, Miss Jarvis, Miss Saunders, Dr. and Mrs. Ogden-Jones, Mrs. Lowry of New York, Mrs. Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Miss Chadwick, Mrs. S. S. McDonell, Mrs. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin, the Misses Kingsmill, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Beardmore, Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Mrs. and Miss Maud Yarker, Miss White, Mr. and Mrs. Draper, Mr. and Mrs. MacCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brock, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jarvis, Major and Mrs. Foster, Prof. and Mrs. Hutton, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Major Harriton, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Fannie Smith, Mrs. Hamilton Jarvis, Messrs. Paul and Beaumont Jarvis, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. W. Whitney, Mrs. Lumsden, Mrs. Torben Wolff, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Grindlay, Mrs. Cumberland, Mrs. Skae, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. A. Foy, Miss Sybil Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Creighton, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Janes, Mr. and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. W. Brouse, Miss Bunting, Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mrs. F. Moffatt, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Miss Ida Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Moffatt.

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Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will divide their time between Chestnut Park and Kingston until the middle of August, when the extensive improvements in Government House are expected to be completed. They will then take up their permanent residence in Toronto. The Lieut.-Governor left on Thursday for Guelph to be present at the closing of the Agricultural College. Mrs. Kirkpatrick left Toronto for Kingston on Thursday.

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Tennis was much more indulged in last week at Mrs. Goldwin Smith's Thursday Afternoon than it was the week before. The weather was much cooler and perfect for tennis. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Meybrick Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Bush of Niagara Falls, Mrs. and Miss Wragge and Mr. and the Misses Boulton.

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There was a brilliant gathering at Trinity University Tuesday afternoon on the occasion of their annual commencement. The Convocation Hall was filled with a fashionable company of ladies and gentlemen. The degrees were conferred with the usual striking ceremonials. The young ladies from St. Hilda's came in making a pretty procession with their principal, Miss Pattison. Some of the happy spirits in the gallery had provided themselves with packs of cards and hearts and diamonds fell plentifully around the ladies' feet. Chancellor Allan looked as stately as usual in his robes of stiff black silk embroidered with gold. I cherish an ambition to know some day why the chancellor and the provost take off their trenchers to each other so often. In the entrance hall outside a long table laden with summer dainties was spread, and it was evident that the Trinity men enjoyed being hosts. The guests, after the formal proceedings were over, were escorted about the buildings, especially the pretty new chapel, where the lecture and the carving were greatly admired. Many found seats on the green terraces outside, where the bright summer dresses and the dark academical gowns made a striking contrast. Amongst those who were present, beside the faculty, I noticed: Mrs. G. W. Allan, Mrs. and Miss DuMoulin, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Osler, Miss Grier, Mrs. Boddy, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Symonds, Mrs. and the Misses Ferguson, Mrs. and the Misses McLean Howard, Mrs. and the Misses Cox, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Eden Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt-Vernon, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Dr. Davies, Chief Justice Hagarty, the Bishop of Toronto, Rev. R. J. Moore, Rev. A. J. Broughall, Rev. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Langtry, the Misses Dupont and the Misses Mackenzie. Many of the faculty invited their friends to afternoon tea in their rooms, where the most gracious hospitality was dispensed amidst the pleasant surroundings of books and college traditions.

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Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther have gone to their summer residence at Cobourg.

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Mr. and Mrs. David Walker and Miss Walker returned this week from a six months' trip in Europe.

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Mrs. John Michie of London returned home last Saturday.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson and Mrs. Meybrick Bankes will spend the summer at Chestnut Park.

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Miss Dupont's entertainment, concert and distribution of prizes took place last week. A very large and fashionable assembly were present. Amongst whom were: The Provost of Trinity College, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. George McMurrich, Mr. and Miss Wilkie, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. DaMoulin, Dr. and Mrs. Davies, Mrs. and Miss Badgerow, Mrs. Bethune, Mrs. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Heath, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Himsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Eddis, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Dr. and Mrs. Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. B. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Brouse. A concert was given by the young ladies of the school, who acquitted themselves admirably, and the prizes were presented by Dr. Davies and Hon. T. W. Anglin. The gold bracelet given annually by Miss Dupont to the pupil who has obtained the highest number of marks for the whole year's lessons was won by Miss Helen McMurrich, daughter of George McMurrich, and presented by the Provost of Trinity College, who made a very happy speech on the occasion.

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Mrs. Robertson of Chatham is the guest of Judge and Mrs. Ferguson at Eastlawn.

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Mrs. John and Miss Michie sail from Quebec by the steamship Sarnia on July 6 for a trip to Scotland.

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Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat and family left for Muskoka this week.

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Miss Mabel Gilmour of Jarvis street, with her sister, Mrs. F. B. Warren, left on Monday for a visit to Melita, Manitoba.

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Mr. John W. Eaton and party left for Big Bay Point this week.

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Mr. A. C. Winton has taken up his old quarters at Mrs. Durnan's, Hanlan's Island, for the season.

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Mrs. Frank Moss has taken a house at Oakville for the summer.

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Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alley are spending the summer in Oakville.

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Mrs. S. H. Blake leaves this week for her summer house at Murray Bay. She will be accompanied by Miss Daisy Wilson, who will be a great acquisition to Murray Bay society.

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Miss Grace Williams of Walmer road and Miss Ella Stanbury of Carlton street are visiting Miss Florence Karn of Woodstock. Miss Maud Moore of Winnipeg is also a guest there.

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The ball given by the cadets of the Royal Military College, Kingston, was a grand success. A large number of the guests came from different parts of the province. Amongst those present from Toronto were: Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, who are the guests of Lieut.-Col. McGee of the R. M. C. Mrs. Roberts, who was simply and beautifully dressed, was the object of much admiration.

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Amongst the new arrivals at Mrs. Mead's are Miss Bartlett and Mr. Ramsden.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Millet of Ontario street, Dr. and Mrs. Sheard of Jarvis street and Mr. Victor Armstrong and family are at the west end of the Island for the summer.

*

Mr. William Armstrong, the artist, one of the oldest and most regular of Island residents, is in his west end cottage.

*

Mr. Chas. C. Dalton and family, and Mr. Arthur Hill and family are at Center Island.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Parsons are at Long Branch for the season.

*

Mr. and Mrs. George are spending the summer at Lorne Park.

*

Mr. Walter Stewart of H. M. Customs has returned from a pleasant trip of four weeks to Banff.

*

Mr. Christopher Robinson, Mr. J. F. Smith and Mr. H. J. Scott sail to-day on the Umbria from New York for England.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Martin of Carlton street returned last week from an extended tour in Europe.

*

Sir Oliver and Lady Mowat left on Monday for the Penetanguishene Hotel, Penetang.

*

Prof. Huntingford sailed on Thursday for England.

*

Judge and Mrs. Rose and family have left for their summer cottage in Murray Bay.

*

Mr. and Mrs. John Bain and the Misses Bain sail this week by the Ontario from Montreal for Liverpool.

*

Mr. and Mrs. B. Kent and family of 110 St. George street have gone to their cottage at Lorne Park for the summer.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons sail to day for England on the Umbria from New York.

*

A fashionable event that took place in Grace church, Ottawa, on Tuesday afternoon was the marriage of Miss Annie White, daughter of the late Hon. Thomas White, to Rev. W. H. Green of Whitewood, N. W. T. The bridesmaids were Miss Laura White, maid of honor, and Misses Mabel Macrae, Minnie Barclay and Mabel Hodson of Montreal, and Misses Muriel Burrows and Jessie White of Ottawa. The groomsman was Mr. Agar Adamson, and Messrs. W. E. Christie, W. C. Hodson of Montreal, and E. F. Taylor, of Ottawa, were ushers. The ceremony was performed by Dean Carmichael of Montreal, assisted by Rev. Mr. Gorman. A reception was held at the residence of Mrs. Thomas White, after which the newly married pair left by the afternoon train for Montreal. They will shortly leave for Whitewood by way of Chicago and St. Paul.

*

Miss Cawthra's many friends will be glad to hear that she is rapidly recovering from the effects of the accident at Niagara.

*

Miss Maud Yarker left for Lougnissa, the summer residence of Mr. A. H. Campbell, on Thursday.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Edin Heward have returned from England.

*

Mr. and Mrs. George Ridout have taken one of the St. Andrew's avenue cottages at the Island for the summer.

*

The cricket match last Monday and Tuesday between the Ottawas and Torontos, which was played on the University lawn, was enjoyed by a number of interested spectators, among whom were many ladies.

*

Mr. and Mrs. T. Fred Webb of 88 Avenue road and Mr. Thomas Webb of Maplehurst, Brighton, leave to day for British Columbia, Calgary, Banff, Portland, Ore., and San Francisco.

*

Miss Hamilton of Hamilton has been visiting Mrs. Strachan.

*

Mr. M. de S. Wedd has taken a holiday trip to Montreal.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Allen, accompanied by Miss Lamport, left last week for Scotland, where they intend remaining for some time, after which they will visit Germany.

*

Mr. F. W. Walker and Mr. W. Lincoln Hunter are fishing in Georgian Bay.

*

Among those who have been guests at the Penetanguishene Hotel, Penetang, this week were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Mandeville Merritt, Miss Lumsden, Mr. William Foster, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Brown, Mr. Ernest F. Gunther, Mr. and Mrs. M. Bosworth, Mr. A. White, Dr. Wishart, Dr. McKeown and Mrs. McKeown of Toronto and Mr. Geo. L. Chisty of Ottawa.

*

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. McEachren of Stayner was the scene of an unusually brilliant wedding last Wednesday afternoon, when their second daughter, Miss May, was married to Mr. W. G. Begg of Collingwood. The bride was attired in a rich bridal gown of cream silk trimmed with lace and pearls. The bridesmaids, who were the Misses Kate and Lena McEachren, sisters of the bride, wore dresses of cream silk. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Moodie of Stayner. The groom was supported by Mr. R. B. Burt, L. D. S., of Collingwood. After the ceremony the guests, who were all near relatives and intimate friends, sat down to an exceedingly pretty wedding breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Begg left on the afternoon train for a trip among the Eastern Canadian cities. The bride looked very pretty in a traveling dress of gray with hat to match. The presents were numerous and very handsome. Amongst the invited guests were, Miss Dane, Mr. and Miss Bayley of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Begg, Messrs J. and C. Begg, Miss Martin of Collingwood; Mr. and Mrs. McDougald of Massey; Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Cameron of Barrie; Mr. Jacks, Miss Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Bethune of Stayner; Rev. and Mrs. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Nettleton and Mr. R. E. Fair of Collingwood; Mr. J. McEachren of Elmvale, Mr. P. Paton of New Lowell and Miss Fyfe of Toronto.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Chamois Gloves from 95c.

A special line in Swede 8 button Thread Gloves, 75c. Silk Gloves in all lengths, the new shades.

CORSETS

In order to introduce the P. D. Corsets, so that they may become widely known, we are having (for this month only) a special sale.

Marguerite at $2, usual price $3; Donita, $5, usual price $6. R. & G. in every style and price.

DRESSMAKING

Pretty Delaines and India Silks for summer wear. Special attention given to Trousseaux.

Millinery and Mantle Making

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JUNE WEDDINGS

DINNER SETS

The largest and only complete line in the city.

PANTECHNETHECA 116 Yonge St. Cor. Adelaide

A nice line of small sets for summer cottages.

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UNSURPASSED FOR

Safety, Civility and Comfort

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INSECT POWDER

White Hellibore

Cockroach Powder

GUARANTEED TO KILL

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McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE

230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

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New York, Antwerp and Paris Wednesdays and Saturdays. The route via Antwerp is most convenient for access to the principal points in Germany, the Rhine, France, Switzerland, Italy, etc. Excursion tickets valid to return by Inman Line from Liverpool.

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PHOTOGRAPHER

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Iron and Brass BEDSTEADS

Camp Beds, Children's Cots

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LIMITED

King and Victoria Streets - - - - TORONTO

100 Ways for Cooking Eggs

By A. FILIPPINI (25 years with Delmonico). In cloth binding, ink and gold stamps, 50 cents. (This is the first number of the "Handy Volume Culinary Series.")

100 Recipes for Cooking and Serving Fish

By A. FILIPPINI. In cloth binding (uniform with "100 Eggs.") 50 cents.

JAMES BAIN & SON, Fine Stationery, Toronto

Out Door Toilettes.

WHILE there probably never was in the history of fashion a time when every detail of the toilette received so much attention as at present, the skirt is for the moment the special point of interest to the well dressed woman. There has been a continued struggle between inclination and the edict of fashion since the long skirts were introduced for street wear, and there are many women who have positively declined to wear them, and who protest that they will not sweep the pavements with handsome materials, come what may. So strong has this feeling grown that some of the newest importations of elegant costumes show skirts which just touch the ground, but do not sweep at all. They are in "bell" shape and follow closely the general style of the longer ones, but are clean and comfortable, and one can wear them with an agreeable consciousness of self-respect. The trimming at the foot of skirts is as varied as imagination can conceive. From the narrow fold which is but little wider than a braid, to the flounce covering half the depth of the skirt, there is every intermediate degree. A favorite style is that of a full ruching of pinked silk set around the extreme edge of the skirt; another fashion shows flat folds laid one above another, the edges overlapping. Another model has a passementerie band set about a fourth of an inch above the extreme edge. A stylish model has bands of rich galloon from the waist line to the hem, at the side seams on either side of the front, extending thence around the hem of the dress skirt. Special passementeries are brought out for trimming the lower edges of skirts. Many of these are made on wire instead of silk or thread, making them much more durable, the constant swinging of the skirts cutting the threads of the old-style trimmings almost immediately.

•

The designs for waists are almost as varied as the styles of persons who wear them. Round waists are especially popular, and with these are worn corselets or ribbon belts, and these are as diversified in design as the waists. The round corselet belt is popular and very becoming to slender figures. For those of a more plump form there are pointed trimmings in corselet style, many of these having very deep fringes and elaborate garniture of the edges. They are also embroidered with beads and jewels, or in silks with knots, and indeed are in almost all varieties of current embroidery. Black for ordinary street wear is unquestionably returning to its old place. The fabrics are finer and handsomer, styles are simple, and whether made up by itself or brightened with inside skirt-ruchings and plastrons, or softened with lace, black seems to be one of the acknowledged favorites. White is as popular as economy permits, and its use is only limited by the necessities of the case. White serge, Bedford cord, *crepon*, lace-like materials, and the old-time Swiss muslin, with any number of thin cotton and linen textiles, are bought in almost endless quantities by women of all classes. White goods that will bear laundering are in better request than ever before. Since these goods can be done up without dressing their popularity seems to have increased tenfold. Very pretty dresses in white linen lawn and Indian muslin are among the regular stocks for ordinary trade. A feature of the season is tailor costumes of white Bedford cord, also the same material in stripes of color. A charming combination is heliotrope and white, the heliotrope in about three shades, making wide stripes with *ombre* effect. A similar design is in blue with white, another has stripes of light brown and heliotrope on a white ground; there are two shades of pink with white, alternating black and white stripes, and narrow lines of cardinal on a dark blue ground. These simple costumes are almost severe in style.

•

The lace dress will remain a feature of the coming season. Indeed, lace will be lavishly used on all parts of costumes, from the narrow ruchings which finish the ruffles of skirts to the wider flouncings covering three-fourths of the depth of the skirt. The intermediate widths are used for blouses, overskirts, and deep sleeves, and there are exquisite qualities and narrow widths which are in demand for neck ruching, millinery, and general trimming purposes.

•

While the present season will be notable for the general use of delicate colors, there are very evident indications of the popularity of black. Dark intermediate shades are less in demand, although a great deal of navy blue is seen among the best goods, as well as all shades of red. Brown seems less desirable, dark green is fairly popular. The special fancy of the market turns to tints. Tan in all shades, from the dark color with a reddish cast to the lighter tint shading on ecru, is specially good. Black grounds with bright colors and tints of almost every imaginable grade are among the ultra-fashionable fabrics.

•

For street costumes, black silks brocaded with tiny buds or set figures are much admired; light blue in all grades, and tints of green are seen in the best importations. A green with a yellowish cast which is invoiced as "Cronstadt" is very popular. Heliotrope is to be one of the leading colors, the more so as there are rumors that the exquisite light tints are to be brought out in fadeless qualities. Such a thing as "a fast color" heliotrope will certainly be an innovation and will make this one of the most popular of all the summer and demi-season colors. Dark heliotrope and the colors verging on purple are in very general demand, even to the royal purple, and plum or dahlia. Yellow is very generally used, a little orange and some of the mandarin yellows, but these colors are not as much liked as many of the lighter shades. Pink is one of the leading tints, and whether in the very palest of shades or the dull old pink and strawberry tints, all are equally good. Pink with salmon shadings is used, but this is somewhat trying and is not as popular as the clear primary rose and peach-blow.

•

Traveling-bonnets have soft flat cloth crowns to match the gown, and straight brims of open-work straw. LA MODE.

My Girl.

For Saturday Night.

There's a pretty maid I know,
Blue eye and golden hair,
With a smiling face and a tender grace
That to me are beyond compare.
From the rose of her pouting lips
To the pink of her dainty feet,
In her curves divine there's a charm sublime,
For the pride of a goddess meet

When the golden springtime comes
With its sunlight and its song,
I love to ride or walk by her side,
The shady lanes along.
'Mid the perfume of springing flowers
And the hum of the busy bee,
I tell her again that old, old refrain,
Of how dear she is to me.

When smiles come to her lips
With their ripples of laughter fee,
My longing lips like the bee that sips
Seek to carry their sweetness to me.
When the tell-tale blushes rise
With their message of pride and love,
The exquisite bliss of that stolen kiss
Must be envied by angels above.

Then I pray in my trusting heart
That her future be bright and fair,
That no load may rest on her tender breast
No sorrow may enter there.
May my arm be ever strong
And my heart be stout and true!
With my darling's smile to ever beguile
And nerve me life's battle through.

Ottawa. HENRI B. SULLY.

Couldn't Draw His Money.

The conversation turned upon early struggles in life. All of them had had hard times, but each of them had managed to start a bank account in his first days of earning money and to add to it from time to time.

"And the only time in my life," said one of them, "that I had money and yet did not have it, was when I had worked long enough and hard enough to feel that I was justified in making what to me was considerable of an investment. Years before this I had begun a modest little account in the —— savings bank. When I first made my deposits they were not big and they were not frequent, but I kept on making them month by month and year by year, and at last they began to count for something. When the time came to make my investment, I found that I should have to go to my first savings bank. I marched down and presented myself at the window. I hadn't been there for a long time. I had added to my face a beard, and I was as far from being the boy who had formerly been there as a man well could be. The first thing I was asked to do was to write my signature. I wrote it as I had learned to write it in the recent years, without any dash rush. The teller looked at me scrutinizingly and then asked me to write it again. I dashed off another. He went off a second time and came back with a little deprecating smile.

"'The signatures are not the same,' he said, regarding me intently.

"'I'm the same.'

"'How do I know that? he said, with his provoking smile.

"'You don't expect, do you, that I'd write the same hand now that I wrote when I was fourteen years old and made my first deposit? I impatiently asked.

"'No,' said he.

"'Well, I'm in a hurry for that money,' I said curtly. 'I've got to use it right away, and I'd like it right away.'

"'I'm very sure,' he said, 'that you are the man, from the story you tell, but how do I know it? I can't let a man have his money when I do not know him, and when his signature does not agree with the one we have.'

"'What must I do, then?' I asked

"'You must be identified.'

"'But I haven't time.'

"'You will have to make it or else sign like your old signature. Your old one is a good deal better than the one you write now,' with another smile.

"But I had to hurry out and find someone who could identify me before I could draw the money I had deposited. When I had drawn it my boyish signature was shown me. It was round and clear, but a little trembling, and when I looked at it for the first time in many years, a rush of memories came over me, and I recalled how I had felt on the first day that I had ever gone into a bank to open an account for myself."

•

Amy—Has he ever loved any other girl before?

Mabel—No; that doesn't worry me. What I want to know is if he will love any other girl in the future.

CHOICE FLOWERS

ALL VARIETIES IN SEASON

We have a large stock of Bedding Plants, Annuals, Hanging Baskets, &c., now ready.

We are also agents for Cast Iron Fancy Vases for lawns or verandas. Call at the Conservatories or at our 164 Yonge Street Store and see cuts and prices. They are really beautiful and cheap.

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N. B.—Floral Decorations our Specialty. Funeral Offerings on short notice.

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For the Seaside AND Summer Resorts

Cool horses, choice range, 75c. up. Charming Delaines, dark, light and moderate shades—the best value for money. We import direct, choose tasty designs and serve you well. Delaines from 12c. up. Some pretty Corse Silk Mitts at 25c. per pair. Fine Cotton and Lisle Thread Hosiery.

Armson & Stone.

212 YONGE STREET

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

WHAT is to be said of gloves can be covered in a few words if need be. The ill-fitting should never have a place in handwear. Most perfect fitting is an element that should hold first place. Before quality? Decidedly! You'd not thank anyone for a pair of gloves, no matter how fine the material, if they were ill-fitting.

Exactly; perfect fit with the gloves of this store, whether they be kid, silks, taffetas or lisle thread. And quality as a matter of course. Whatever others may do we cannot afford to offer unreliable goods to anyone.

Ladies' lace half-mits, 20c., 25c., 30c., 40c.
Ladies' plain silk half-mits, 25c., 30c., 50c.
Children's lace half-mits, 17c., 20c., 25c.
Ladies' silk gloves, black and colored, 20c., 25c., 45c., 50c.
Ladies' taffeta gloves, black and colored, guaranteed absolutely stainless, 25c., 35c., 45c.

One guarantee, and it is a guarantee, of the character of our lace and taffeta gloves is in the fact that our own buyers go direct to the best factories in Saxony, where the finest of these goods are made.

Order gloves by letter.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

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SECURE ROOMS EARLY

JOHN F. PAIN - - Clevelands P. O.

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SANDBANKS

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Is Now Open for the Season of 1892

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For bathing this place cannot be surpassed in any fresh water.

Fast and West lakes furnish all the good fishing the most sanguine could desire.

For further particulars apply to

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BEAUMARIS HOTEL

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"Oh, That This Too, Too Solid Flesh Would Melt!"

Our stout patients make the above exclamation less frequently since by our treatment they are reducing their weight at the rate of nine pounds every two weeks, besides enjoying more than their ordinary good health. We have several such cases

Madam who is forty-five or fifty may in six months have her lines obliterated, her hollow cheeks made plump and round, those hollows in the neck filled out, her flesh made firm and her skin given a youthful glow by our treatments. Gentle massage, not pinching or pounding, and face steaming, milk baths or electricity, whichever is best for the subject. Write or call for particulars. MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM'S TOILET PARLORS, 145½ Yonge Street, Toronto. Superfluous hair removed by electrolysis. Send stamp for booklet.

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Spring and Summer Wear

Also a great variety of Millinery Novelties, Veilings, &c.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

New Summer Millinery

A Very Fine Selection of Laces and Jet Trimmings

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Over J. E. Ellis & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Ladies, Our Three Departments now fully opened. MILLINERY, choice spring stock, new shades. Latest designs in shapes, in great variety. Call and take advantage of our long experience.

DRESS and MANTLE MAKING—Our Art, Fashion, Fit and Finish secured. Place orders early to insure prompt attention.

Headquarters for the "New and Perfect Tailor System." Cutting taught daily in all its branches.

J. & A. CARTER, 372 Yonge Street

Ladies' Oxford Shoes

RUSSIAN LEATHER

In Tan and Wine color. Also Patent Leather and Kid.

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J. D. KING & CO.

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IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS Are the Best.

Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.

Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH.

Public opinion all over the world unanimous in their favor. Unsurpassed for COMFORT, STYLE AND DURABILITY. Sold in every town throughout the World. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Dealer or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad imitations are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.

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Manufactory: LANDPORT, HANTS.

ARMAND'S

Hair and Perfumery Store

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street, Toronto

TELEPHONE 2498

The Largest and Most Complete Establishment of its Kind in America.

LADIES who desire comfort, and to save trouble and time in curling their own hair during the hot weather, for traveling, seaside, country or at home, should provide themselves with one of ARMAND'S pretty little NATURAL CURLY BANGS, never requiring curling. Prices from $2, $3, $4, $5, $6, $7 and higher, according to size, style and color.

OUR STYLES are FASHIONABLE and superior in make, quality and finish to any others, and recommend themselves.

OUR STOCK of spring and summer Bangs, Fringes, Curls, Puffs, etc., etc., is complete.

Specialty in making Bang and Hair Goods to measure and order to suit.

Our stock of ALL LONG HAIR SWITCHES is the largest ever seen in this country, manufactured at our premises of the best imported French convent hair. Very reasonable prices.

Six private ladies' Hair Cutting, Singeing and Shampooing and Hair Coloring Parlors. Ladies' hair dressing for Weddings, Photos, etc. Hair Dyes and Dyed in every color and shade a specialty.

Pure extract pour menchoir, is faint at les mains.

Send for circular and mention this paper.

JEAN TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO.

Importers, Dealers and Manufacturers of Hair Goods and Perfumery.

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street, Toronto.

Enclosed Over Bow

"UNEQUALLED"

IS THE VERDICT OF All Those Who Have Used the

STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them They are the Best

SOLD BY All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

DRESSMAKING

Evening Dresses and Riding Habits

Cutting and Fitting Dresses and Mantles

Dressmakers' Magic Scale for Sale

With lessons or without.

Order Corsets to Measure

In any style. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MISS CHUBB

356½ YONGE STREET

Just south of Trinity Square.

MISS HOLLAND

Desires to call the attention of ladies about to purchase Millinery to her Fine Stock of French and American Bonnets and Hats, &c., in all the leading shapes and colors, which, on inspection, will be found all that can be desired in style, while the prices are those of greatly inferior goods in the so-called cheap stores.

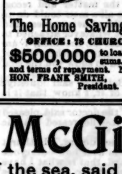
MISS DUFFY

Is also prepared to show all the newest designs in Cloth Capes and Mantles, Lace Goods, Jackets for Boating and Traveling in great variety, which are now being sold at and under cost for the coming month. Those looking for Dresses will do well to see our list of prices, which for style, fit and finish are second to none.

112 YONGE STREET, West Side

Two doors south of Adelaide.

LADIES ASK FOR



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$500,000 to loan on Mortgage—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.

HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

McMud McGinty

Who went to the bottom of the sea, said that the water was wet. Had he seen

McPHERSON'S

After the Flood he'd have taken it all back. Shoe Prices have sunk to the bottomless depths.

George McPherson - 186 YONGE ST.

25c CURLINE

Dorenwend's Celebrated Preparation

For Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the Hair.

Give it a trial. For sale by all druggists or by

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Carpet cleaning by our new Hygienic method, the best in the city.

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In The Days of the Mutiny:

A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER XIV.

But though obliged to defer to Major Hannay's wishes and to abstain from arguing the question of Bathurst being given the cold shoulder, with the men, Dr. Wade had already organized the ladies in his favor. During the afternoon he had told them the tiger story, and had confidentially informed them how it was that Bathurst from his birth had been the victim of something like nervous paralysis at all loud sounds, especially those of the discharge of firearms.

"His conduct to-day," he said, "and his courage in rescuing that native girl from the tiger, illustrate his character. He is cool, brave and determined, as might be expected from a man of so well balanced a mind as his, and even when his nerves utterly broke down under the din of musketry, his will was so far dominant that he forced himself to go forward and stand there under fire, an act which was, under the circumstances, simply heroic."

There is little difficulty in persuading women as to the merits of a man they like, and Bathurst had, during the last month, been much more appreciated than before by the ladies of Deesnagghur. They had felt that there was something strange and charming in his presence, for while not attempting to minimize the danger, there was a self confidence in his manner that comforted and reassured those he talked to.

In the last twenty-four hours, too, he had unobtrusively performed many little kindnesses; had aided in the removals, carried the children, looked after the servants, and had been foremost in the arrangements of everything that could add to the comfort of the ladies.

"I am glad you have told us all about it, doctor," Mrs. Doolan said; "and, of course, no one would dream of blaming him. I had heard that story about his being in an army years ago; but although I had only seen him once or twice I did not believe it for a minute. What you tell us now, doctor, explains the whole matter. I pity him sincerely. It must be something awful for a man at a time like this not to be able to take his part in the defence, especially when there are so many women here. Why, it would pain me less to see Jem brought in dead, than for him to show the white feather. What can we do for the poor fellow?"

"Treat him just as usual. There is nothing else you can do, Mrs. Doolan. Any tone of sympathy, still less of pity, would be the worst thing possible. He is in the lowest depths at present; but if he finds by your tone and manner that you regard him on the same footing as before, he will gradually come round, and I hope that before the end of the siege he will have opportunity of retrieving himself. Not under fire, that is hopeless, but in other ways."

"You may be sure we will do all we can, doctor," Mrs. Doolan said warmly; "and there are plenty of ways he will be able to make himself most useful. There is somebody wanted to look after all those apes and servants, and it would be a comfort to us to have someone to talk to occasionally; besides, all the children are fond of him."

This sentiment was warmly echoed, and so it was that when the determination of the men to cut Bathurst became known, there was something like a feminine mutiny.

"You may do as you like," Mrs. Doolan said indignantly; "but if you think that we are going to do anything so cruel and unjust you are entirely mistaken, I can tell you."

Mrs. Rintoul was equally emphatic, and Mrs. Hunter quietly, but with equal decision, protested.

"I have always regarded Mr. Bathurst as a friend," she said, "and I shall continue to do it. It is very sad for him that he cannot take part in the defence, but it is no more fair to blame him than it would be to blame us, because we, too, are non-combatants."

Major Hannay had taken no part in the first discussion among the ladies, nor did she say anything now.

"It is cruel and unjust," she said to herself; "but they only think as I did. I was more cruel and unjust than they, for there was no talk of danger then. I expressed my contempt of him because there was a suspicion that he had shown cowardice ten years ago, while they have seen it shown now when there is fearful peril. If they are cruel and unjust what was I?"

Later on the men gathered together at one end of the room and talked over the situation.

"Doctor Wade," the major said quietly, "I shall be obliged if you will go and ask Mr. Bathurst to join us. I know the people round here better than any of us, and his opinion will be valuable."

The doctor, who had several times been in to see Bathurst, went to his room.

"The major wants you to join us, Bathurst; we are having a talk over things, and he wishes to have your opinion. I had hoped you that the camp is divided into two parties. On one side are the major, Wilson, and myself and all the ladies, who have taken, not say, a common-sense view of the matter and recognize that you have done all a man could do to overcome your constitutional nervousness, and that there is no discredit whatever attached to you personally. The rest of the men, I am sorry to say, at present take another view of the case, and are disposed to show you the cold shoulder."

"That, of course," Bathurst said quietly; "as to the ladies' view of it, I know that it is only the result of your good offices. Anyhow—"

"Then you will come," the doctor said, pleased that Bathurst seemed less depressed than he had expected.

"Certainly I will come, doctor," Bathurst said, rising, "the worst is over now—everyone knows that I am a coward, and that I have dreaded. There is nothing else for me to be afraid of, and it is of no use hiding myself."

"We look quite at home here, Mr. Bathurst, don't we," Mrs. Doolan said cheerfully as he passed her, "and I think we all feel a great deal more comfortable than we did when you gave us your warning last night; the anticipation is always worse than the reality."

"Not always I think, Mrs. Doolan," he said quietly; "but you have certainly made yourselves wonderfully at home, though your sewing is of a more practical kind than that upon which you are ordinarily engaged."

Then he passed on with the doctor to the other end of the room. The major nodded as he came up.

"All right again now, Bathurst, I hope! We want your opinion, for you know, I think, more of the Zemindars in this part of the country than any of us. Do you think the question is, will they take part against us?"

"I am afraid they will, major. I had hoped otherwise, but if it be true that Nana Sahib has gone—and as the other part of the message was correct, I have no doubt this is so also—I am afraid they will be carried away with the stream."

"And you think they have guns?"

"I have not the least doubt of it; the number given up was a mere fraction of those they were said to have possessed."

"I had hoped the troops would have marched away after the lesson we gave them this morning, but, so far as we can make out, there is no sign of movement in their lines; however, they may start at day-break to-morrow."

"I will go out to see if you like, major," Bathurst said quietly. "I can get native clothes from the servants, and I speak the language well enough to pass as a native; so if you give me permission I will go out to the lines and learn what their intentions are."

"It would be a very dangerous undertaking," the major said gravely.

"I have no fear whatever of danger of that kind, major; my nerves are steady enough except when there is a noise of fire-arms, and then, as you all saw this morning, I cannot control them do what I will. Risks of any other kind I am quite prepared to undertake, but in this matter I think the risk is very slight, the only difficulty being to get through the line of sentry they have no doubt posted round the house; once past them I think there is practically no risk whatever of their recognizing me when I am made up as a native. The doctor has, no doubt, got some iodine in his surgery, and a coat of that will bring me to the right color."

"Well, if you are ready to undertake it I will not refuse," the major said. "How would you propose to get out?"

"I noticed yesterday that the branches of one of the trees in the garden entered beyond the top of the wall. I will climb up that and lower myself on the other side by a rope, for it is a very simple matter. The spot is close to the edge of Mr. Hunter's compound, and I shall work my way round behind the shrubs there till I feel sure I am beyond any sentries that may be posted there; the chances are that they will not be thick anywhere, except opposite the gate. By the way, Captain Forster, before I go I must thank you for having risked your life to save mine this morning. I heard from Mrs. Hunter how you came up and the doctor who rushed forward and drew me back."

"It is not worth talking about," Captain Forster said carelessly. "You seemed bent on making a target of yourself, and as the major's orders were that everyone was to lie down there was nothing for it but to remove you."

Bathurst turned to Dr. Wade. "Will you superintend my get up, doctor?"

"Certainly," the doctor said, with alacrity. "I will generally superintend the build of you; I will turn you out so that no one would know you even in broad daylight, saying nothing of the dark."

A quarter of an hour sufficed to metamorphose Bathurst into an Oude peasant. He did not return to the room but, accompanied by the doctor, made his way to the tree he had spoken of.

"By the way, you have taken no arms," the doctor said suddenly.

"They would be useless, doctor, if I am discovered I shall be killed; if I am not discovered, and the chances are very slight of being so, I shall get back safely. By the way, we will tie some knots on that rope before I let myself down. I used to be able to climb a rope without them, but I doubt whether I could do so now."

"Well, God bless you, lad, and bring you back safely. You may make as light of it as you will, but it is a dangerous expedition. However, I am glad you have undertaken it, come what will, for it has given me the opportunity of showing you are not afraid of danger when it takes any other form than that of firearms. I am sure there are plenty who would stand up bravely enough in a fight who would not like to undertake this task of going out alone in the dark into the middle of these one hundred thousand. How long do you think you will be?"

"A couple of hours at the outside."

"Well, at two o'clock I shall be back here again. Don't be longer than you can help, lad, for I shall be very anxious until you return."

When the doctor returned to the house there was a chorus of questions:

"Has Mr. Bathurst started! Why did you not bring him back before you left? We should all have liked to have said good-bye to him."

"Yes, he has gone. I have seen him over the wall; and it was much better that he should go without any fuss. He went off just as quietly and unconcernedly as if he had been going out for an ordinary evening's walk. Now I am going up on to the roof. I don't say we should hear any hubbub down at the lines if we have discovered, but I believe, but we should certainly hear a shout if he came across any of the sentries round the house."

"Has he taken any arms, doctor!" the major asked.

"He would not take pistols but he refused."

"Well, I don't understand that," Captain Forster remarked. "If I had gone on such a business I would have taken a couple of revolvers. I am quite ready to take the chance of being killed fighting, but I should not like to be seized and hacked to pieces in cold blood. My theory is a man should sell his life as dearly as he can."

"That is the animal instinct, Forster," the doctor said sharply; "though I don't say that I should not feel the same myself; but I question whether Bathurst's is not a higher type of courage."

"Well, I don't aspire to Bathurst's type of courage, doctor," Forster said with a short laugh.

But the doctor did not answer. He had already turned away and was making for the stairs.

"May I go with you, doctor!" Isobel Hannay said, following him. "It is very hot down here."

"Yes. Come along, child; but there is no time to lose, for Bathurst must be near where they are likely to have posted their sentries by this time."

"Everything quiet, Wilson!" he asked the young subaltern, who, with another, was on guard on the roof.

"Yes. We have heard nothing except a few distant shouts and noises out at the lines. Round here there has been nothing moving, except that we heard someone go out into the garden just now."

"I went out with Bathurst," the doctor said. "He has gone in the disguise of a native to the Sepoy lines, to find out what are their intentions."

"I heard the talk over it, doctor. I only came up on watch a few minutes since. I thought it was most likely he who I heard the steps."

"I hope he is beyond their sentries," the doctor said. "I have come up here to listen."

"I expect he is through them before this," Wilson said confidently. "I wish I could have gone with him; but, of course, it would have been madness for two to go together—isn't it, Miss Hannay! and there is scarcely any dew falling."

"Now, you go off to your post in the corner, Wilson. Your instructions are to listen for the slightest sound, and to assure us against the Sepoys creeping up to the walls. We did not come up here to distract you from your duties, or to gossip."

"There are Richards and another posted somewhere in the garden," Wilson said. "Still, I suppose you are right, doctor; but, if you, Miss Hannay, have come up to listen, come out of sight in my corner, it is the one nearest to the lines."

"You may as well go and sit down, Isobel," the doctor said; "that is, if you intend to stay up here long," and they went across with Wilson to his post. "Shall I put one of these sand bags for you to sit on?"

"I would rather stand, thank you," and they stood for some time silently watching the fires in the lines.

"They are drawing pretty heavily on the wood stores," the doctor growled; "there is a good deal more than the regulation allowance blazing in those fires. I can make out a lot of figures moving about around them, no doubt numbers of the peasants have come in."

"Do you think Mr. Bathurst has got beyond the line of sentries!" Isobel said, after standing perfectly quiet for some time.

"Oh, yes, a long way; probably he was through by the time we came up here. They are not likely to post them more than fifty or sixty yards from the wall; and indeed, it is, as Bathurst pointed out to me, likely that they are only thick near the gate. All they want to do is to prevent us slipping away. I should think that Bathurst must be out near the lines by this time."

Isobel moved a few paces away from the others and again stood listening.

"I suppose you do not think that there is any chance of an attack to-night, doctor," Wilson asked in low tones.

"Not in the least; the natives are not fond of night work. I expect they are dividing the spoil and quarreling over it; anyhow they have had enough of it for to-day. They may intend to march away in the morning, or they may have sent to Cawnpore to ask for orders, and they may have brought some of the Zemindars that they are coming in to join them, that is what Bathurst has gone out to learn, but, anyhow, I do not think they will attack again with their present force."

"I wish there were a few more of us," Wilson said, "so that we could venture on a sally out."

"So do I, lad; but it is no use thinking of it as it is. We have to wait; our fate is not in our own hands."

"And you think matters look bad, doctor!"

"I think they could hardly look worse. Unless the mutineers took it into their heads to march away, there is, humanly speaking, but one chance for us, and that is that Lawrence may thrash the Sepoys so completely at Lucknow that he may be able to send out a force to relieve us. The chances of that are so small as to nothing; for in addition to a very large Sepoy force, he has the population of Lucknow—one of the most turbulent in India—on his hands. Ah, what is that?"

Two musket shots in quick succession from the Sepoy lines broke the silence of the evening, and a startled exclamation burst from the girl standing near them.

The doctor went over to her.

"Do you think he has shot himself, she said in a low strained voice, "that it was Bathurst—?"

"Not at all. If they detected him, and I really do not see that there is a chance of their doing so disguised as he was, they would have seized him and probably killed him, but there would be no firing. He has gone unarmed you know, and would offer no resistance. Those shots you heard were doubtless the results of some drunken quarrel over the loot."

"Do you really think so, doctor?"

"I feel quite sure of it. If it had been Forster who had gone out and he had been detected, it would have been natural enough that we should hear the sound of something like a battle. In the first place, he would have defended himself desperately, and in the next, he might have made his way through them and escaped; but, as I said, with Bathurst there would be no occasion for their firing."

"Why didn't he come in to say good-bye before he went! That is what I wanted to ask you, doctor, and why I came up here. I wanted to be spoken to him, if only for a moment, before he started. I tried to catch his eye as he went out of the room with you, but he did not even look at me. It will be so hard if he never comes back to know that he went away without my having spoken to him again. I did try this morning to tell him that I was sorry for what I said, but he would not listen to me."

"You will have an opportunity of telling him when he comes back if you wish, by showing him so by your manner, which would be, perhaps, less painful to both of you."

"I don't understand you, doctor," the girl said. "I have been unjust and deserve it."

"I don't think he thinks you unjust. I did, and I told you so. But he feels he is considers the disgrace so much that it seems to him perfectly natural he should be despised."

"Yes, but I want him to see that he is not despised," she said quickly. "You don't understand, doctor."

"I do understand perfectly, my dear; at least, I think—I think I do; at any rate I want to put yourself straight with him, which is very right and proper, especially placed as we are; but it would be better not to say anything hastily. You have spoken hastily once, I see, and made a mess of it. I should be careful how I did it again, unless, of course—" and he stopped.

"Unless what, doctor!" Isobel asked shyly after a long pause. But there was no reply; the doctor stood, as he saw that his companion had moved quietly away and had joined Wilson at his post. She stood for a few minutes in the same attitude, and then moved quietly across the staircase in the center of the terrace, and went down to the party below. A short time later the doctor followed her, and taking his rifle went out into the garden with Captain Doolan, who assisted him in climbing a tree, and handed his gun up to him. The doctor made his way out on the branch to the spot where it extended beyond the wall, and there sat, straining his eyes into the darkness. Half an hour passed, and then he heard a light footfall on the sandy soil.

"Is that you, Bathurst," he whispered.

"All right, doctor," and a minute later Bathurst sat on the branch beside him.

"Well, what's your news!"

"Very bad, doctor; they expect the Rajah Dor Sing, who it seems is the leader of the party in this district, and several other Zemindars to be here with guns to-morrow or next day. The news from Cawnpore was true. The native troops mutinied and marched away, but were joined by Nana Sahib and his force, and persuaded them to return and attack the whites in their entrenchments at Cawnpore, as they would not be well received at Delhi unless they had properly accomplished their share of the work of rooting out the feringhees."

"The infernal scoundrel!" the doctor exclaimed; "after pretending for years to be our best friend; I'm disgusted to think I could have drunk his champagne a dozen times. However, that makes little difference to us now, your news is the more important one. We could have resisted the Sepoys for a month, but if they bring up guns there can be but one end to it."

"That is so, doctor. The only hope I can see is, that they may find our resistance so obstinate as to be glad to grant us terms of surrender."

"Yes, there is that chance," the doctor agreed; "but history shows there is but little reliance to be placed upon native oaths."

Bathurst was silent; his own experience of the natives had taught him the same lesson.

"It is a poor hope," he said after a while, "but it is the only one so far as I can see."

Not another word was spoken as they descended the tree and walked across to the house.

"Never mind about changing your things; come straight in."

"Our account has returned," the doctor said, as he entered the room. There was a general exclamation of gladness on the part of the ladies who had not retired.

"I am very glad to see you safe back, Mr. Bathurst," Mrs. Hunter said, going up to him and taking his hand. "We have all been very anxious since you left."

"The danger was very slight, Mrs. Hunter, I only wish I had brought you back the news that the native lines were deserted and the mutineers in full march for Delhi and Lucknow."

"I was afraid you would hardly bring that news, Mr. Bathurst; it was almost too good to hope for. However, we are all glad that you are back. Are we not, Isobel!"

"We are indeed, Mr. Bathurst; though, as yet, I can hardly persuade myself that it is you in that get-up."

"I think there is no doubt of my identity. Can you tell me where your uncle is, Miss Hannay! I have to make my report to him."

"He is on the roof. There is a sort of general gathering of our defenders there."

Two hours had passed in the center of the terrace, and round these the little garrison were grouped, some sitting on boxes, others lying on mats, almost all smoking. Bathurst was greeted heartily by the major and Wilson as soon as he was recognized.

"I am awfully glad to see you back," Wilson said, shaking his hand vigorously the hand. "I wish I could have gone with you. Two together does not seem so bad, but I should not like to start out by myself, as you did."

There was a hearty cordiality in the young fellow's voice that was very pleasant to Bathurst.

"We have all our gifts, as Hawkeye used to say, as I have no doubt you remember, Wilson. Such gifts as I have lie in the way of solitary work, I fancy."

"Now, light a cheroot, Bathurst," the major said, "and drink off this tumbler of brandy and soda, and then let us hear your story."

"The story is simple enough, major. I got through without difficulty. The sentries are some distance apart round the garden wall. As soon as I discovered by the sound of their footsteps where they were, it was easy enough to get through them. Then I made a longish detour, and came down on the lines on the other side. There was no occasion for concealment then. Numbers of the country people had come in, and were gathered round the Sepoys' fires, and I was able to move about amongst them and listen to the conversation without the smallest hindrance.

"The Sepoys were loudly expressing their dissatisfaction at their officers leading them against the house to-day, when they had no means of either battering down the walls or scaling them. Then there was a general opinion that treachery was at work; for how else should the Europeans have known they were going to rise that morning, and so moved during the night into the house? There was much discussion and consultation among them, and expressed their regret that they had not marched straight to Cawnpore after burning the bungalows.

"All this was satisfactory; but I learned that Dor Sing and several other Zemindars had already sent in assurances that they were wholly with them, and would be here with guns to batter down the walls some time to-morrow."

"But is bad news, indeed," the major said gravely when he had finished. "Of course, when we heard that Nana Sahib had thrown in his lot with the mutineers, we knew that many of the landowners would go the same way; but if the Sepoys had marched off we might not have been able to settle our own account. Now we know that the Sepoys are going to stay, and that they will have guns, it alters our position altogether."

There was a murmur of assent.

"I should tell you before you talk the matter over further," Bathurst went on, "that during the last hour some hundreds of peasants have taken up their posts round the house in addition to the Sepoy sentries. I came back through one of them a hundred strong. They are posted a couple of hundred yards or so in front of the gate. I slipped away from them in the dark and made my way here."

"Well, gentlemen, what do you think we had better do!" the major said; "we are all in the same boat, and I should like to have your opinions. We can defend this very successfully for days, possibly we may even tire them out, but on the other hand they may prove too numerous for us. If the wall were breached we could hardly hope to defend it, and, indeed, if they constructed plenty of ladders they could scale it at night in a score of places. We must therefore regard the house as our citadel, close up the lower windows and doors with sandbags and defend it to the last. Still, if they are determined, the look-out is not a very bright one."

"I am in favor of our cutting our way out, major," Captain Forster said; "if we are cooped up here we must, as you say, in the long run be beaten."

"That would be all very well, Captain Forster, if we were all men," Mrs. Hunter said. "There are sixteen of us, and there are in all eighteen horses, for I and Farquharson have two each; but there are eight women and fourteen children; if all the horses carried double and counting two children as one woman, we might risk a nobody opposed us; but there are your troopers to begin with, and we certainly could not hope to escape from them with our horses so laden, and if they came up with us what fighting could we do with women!"

"Besides, where could we go!" the doctor said. "The garrisons at Cawnpore, we know, are besieged by overwhelming numbers. We do not know much as to the position at Lucknow, but we know the Europeans are immensely out-numbered there, and I think we may assume that they are also besieged. It is a very long distance either to Agra or to Allahabad, and with the whole country up in arms against us, and the cavalry here at our heels, the prospect seems absolutely hopeless. What do you think, Doolan! You and Rintoul have your wives here and you have children. I was older that the question concerns you married men more than us."

"It is a case of the frying-pan and the fire as far as I can see, doctor. At any rate, here we have got walls to fight behind and food for weeks and plenty of ammunition; and for selling our lives as dearly as we can here rather than go outside to be chased like jackals."

"I agree with you, Doolan," Captain Rintoul said. "We may be able to make terms with them, but once outside the walls, we should be at the scoundrels' mercy. If it were not for the women and children, I should agree entirely with Forster, that our best plan would be to throw open our gates and make a dash for it, keeping together as long as we could and then if necessary, separating and trying to make our way down to Agra or Allahabad as best we could, but with ladies that does not seem to be possible."

The opinion of the married civilians was entirely in accord with that of Mr. Hunter.

"But what hope is there of defending this place in the long run!" Captain Forster said. "If I saw any chance at all, I should be quite willing to wait, but I would infinitely rather sally out at once and go for them and be killed, than wait here day after day and perhaps week after week, seeing one's fate drawing inch by inch inch. What do you say, Bathurst? We haven't had your opinion yet."

"I do not think that the chance is so hopeless as you suppose, although I admit that the chances are greatly against us," Bathurst said quietly. "I think that is a hope of rising the natives out. The Sepoys know well enough there can be no great amount of loot here, seeing that they were there when they set Cawnpore, at Lucknow, or still more at Delhi, their chances of plunder would be much greater. Moreover, I think that men in their position, having offended as it were without hope of pardon, would naturally desire to flock together. There is comfort and encouragement in numbers. Therefore, I am sure they will very speedily become impatient if they do not meet with success, and would be inclined to grant terms rather than waste time here.

"It is the same thing with the native gentry. They will want to be off to Lucknow or Delhi, where they will know more how things are going, and where, no doubt, they reckon upon obtaining posts of importance and increased possessions under the new order of things. Therefore, I think, they, as well as the Sepoys, are likely, if they find the task longer and more difficult than they expect, to be ready to grant terms. I have no great faith in native oaths, still, they might be kept.

"Captain Forster's proposal I regard as altogether impracticable. We are something like two hundred and fifty miles from the nearest British post where we could hope to find refuge, and with the horses carrying double, the troopers at one heels directly we start, and the country hostile, I see no chance whatever, not a vestige of one, of our getting safely away.

"But there is a third alternative by which some might escape; it is that we should cut our way out on foot, break up into parties of twos and threes; steal or fight our way through the sentries, and then each party to shift for itself, making its way as best it can, traveling by night and lying up in woods or plantations by day; getting food as they can from friendly natives, and subsisting, for the most part, upon what may be gathered in the fields. In that way some might escape, but the suffering and hardships of the women and children would be terrible."

"I agree with you," Mrs. Hunter said, "such a journey would be frightful to contemplate, and I don't think, in any case, that my wife could possibly perform such a journey; still some might do so. At any rate I think the chances are better than they would be were we to ride out in a body. I should suggest, major, when the crisis seems to be approaching, that if it is clear that we can't defend ourselves much longer, it would be fair that each should be at liberty to try to get out and make down the country."

"Certainly," the major agreed; "we are in a position of men on board a sinking ship with

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the boats gone; we should try to the end to save the ship, but when all hope of doing that is over each may try to get to shore as he best can. As long as the house can be defended, all must remain and bear their share in the struggle, but when we decide that it is a question of hours, all who choose will be at liberty to try to escape."

"It will be vastly more difficult then than now," Captain Forster said; "Bathurst made his way out to-night without difficulty, but they will be a great deal more vigilant when they know we cannot hold out much longer. I don't see how it would be possible for women and children to get through them."

"We might then adopt your scheme, to a certain extent, Forster," Major Hannay said; "we could mount, sally out suddenly, break through their pickets, and as soon as we are beyond them scatter; those who like can try to make their way down on horseback; those who prefer it try to do so on foot. That would at least give us an alternative should the siege be pushed on to the last, and we find ourselves unable to make terms."

There was general assent to the major's proposal, which seemed to offer better chances than any. There was the hope that the mutineers might tire of the siege and march away, that if they pressed it terms might be at last obtained from them, and that failing everything else the garrison might yet make their way down country.

"As there is evidently no chance of an attack during the night," the major said, "we will divide into two watches and relieve each other every four hours, that will give us two lookouts on the roof and six in the enclosure. As you are senior officer next to myself, Doolan, you will take charge of the other. Forster and Wilson be with me, Rintoul and Richards with you. Mr. Hardy, will you and the other gentlemen divide your numbers into two watches? Dr. Wade counts as a combatant until his hospital begins to fill."

"I fancy he may be counted as a combatant all through," the doctor muttered.

"To-morrow morning," the major went on, "we will continue the work of filling sand bags. There are still a large number of empty bags on hand. We shall want them for all the lower windows and doors, and there are some of them the better; and we must also keep a supply in readiness to make a retrenchment if they should breach the wall. Now, Mr. Hunter, as soon as you have made out your list my watch can go on duty, and I should advise the others to turn in without delay."

When the ladies were informed that half the men were going on watch, Mrs. Doolan said: "I have an amendment to propose, major. Women's ears are just as keen as men's, and I propose that we supply the sentries on the roof. I will volunteer for one."

The whole of the ladies at once volunteered.

"There is no occasion for so many," Mrs. Doolan said, "and I propose that to-night, at any rate, I should take the first watch with one of the Miss Hunters, and that Miss Hannay and the other should take the second. That will leave all the gentlemen available for the watch in the enclosure."

The proposal was agreed to, and in a short time the first watch had taken their station and the rest of the garrison lay down to rest.

The night passed off quietly. The first work at which the major set the garrison in the morning was to form six wooden stages against the wall. One by the gate, one against the wall at the other end, and two at each of the long sides of the enclosure. They were twelve feet in height, which enabled those upon them to stand head and shoulders above the level of the wall.

When these were completed the whole of the garrison, including the ladies and native servants, again set to work filling sand bags with earth. As fast as they were finished they were carried in and piled two deep against the lower windows and three deep against the doors, only one small door being left undefended so as to allow passage in and out of the house. Bags were piled in readiness for closing this also in case of necessity.

Mrs. Rintoul and another lady had volunteered for a third watch on the roof, so that each watch would go on duty once every twelve hours; the whole of the men therefore, were available for work below.

A scattered fire was opened at the house soon after daybreak, and was kept up without intermission from bushes and other cover, but the watchers on the roof, seated behind the sandbags at opposite angles, were well under shelter, peering out occasionally through the crevices between the bags to see that no general movement was taking place among the enemy.

About mid-day there was a desultory discharge of firearms from the native lines, and the major, on ascending to the roof, saw a procession of elephants and men approaching the camp.

"I expect there are guns there," he muttered, "and they are going to begin in earnest. Ladies, you are relieved of duty at present. I expect we shall be hearing from those fellows soon and we must have someone up here who can talk back to them."

Accordingly the doctor and Mr. Farquharson, one of the civilians, who was also a good shot, took the places of the ladies on the roof. Half an hour later the major went up again.

"They have four cannon," the doctor said. "There they are, on that slight rise to the left of the lines. I should fancy they are about eight hundred yards away. Do you see, there is a crowd gathering behind them? Our rifles will carry that distance easily enough, I think. You might as well let us have three or four more up here. The two lads are both fair shots and Hunter was considered a good shikari some years ago. We can drive their cannon off there; the farther we make them take up their post the better, but even at that distance their shooting will be wild. The guns are no doubt old ones and, as likely as not, the shot won't fit. At any rate, though they may trouble us, they will do no serious harm till they establish a battery at pretty close quarters."

The major went down and the two subalterns and Mr. Hunter joined the doctor on the roof.

Ten minutes later the boom of four guns in quick succession was heard, and the party below stopped for a moment at their work as they heard the sound of shot rushing through the air overhead; then came four shots back from the parapet. Again and again the rifles spoke out, and then the doctor shouted down to those in the court-yard: "They have had enough of it already and are bringing up the elephants to move the cannon back. Now, boys," he said to the subalterns, "an elephant is an easier mark than a tiger, aim carefully, and blaze away as quickly as you like."

For five minutes a rapid fire was kept up; then Wilson went below.

"The doctor asked me to tell you, sir," he said to the major, "that the guns have been removed. There has been great confusion among the natives, and we can see with our glasses eight or ten bodies left on the ground. One of the elephants turned and went off at full speed among the crowd, and we fancy some of the others were hit. There was great trouble in getting them to come up to the guns. The doctor says it is all over for the present."

Two other large parties with elephants were seen to come up to the native lines in the course of the afternoon. The defenders of the roof had now turned their attention to their foes in the gardens around, and the fire thence had gradually ceased, and by the evening everything was quiet.

By this time the work of filling the sandbags was completed, the doors and windows had been barricaded, and a large pile of bags lay in the enclosure ready for erection at any threatened point.

(To be Continued.)

"You look pale to-night," said the barber's wife, when he returned from his day's work.

"I've had a trying day," said the barber. "A young fellow came in this morning who he shaved so like a puppy that I made a mistake and cut his ears instead of his hair."

Saved By Three Half Sovereigns.

During the year 18—, the more prosperous parts of Ireland were flooded with counterfeit coin. It was well manufactured, and passed readily. The evil became so great that even the Dublin authorities were stirred up, and I was sent, as a competent detective, to ferret out the nest of coiners.

I had next to nothing to guide me. I had but one solid fact, and that was that the Punchestown races were coming on, and my past experience told me that bad money often circulated readily among the happy punters. Accordingly, thither I proceeded. I spent four days in the vicinity, and got nothing for my pains. I could not even lay my hands on a single piece of counterfeit coin, much less clap my paws on the culprits. Yet complaints had frequently been made before my arrival, that bad money was being passed there.

I began to grow discouraged, and really thought I should be obliged to return home without having achieved any result. One day I received a letter from my wife requesting that I would send her some money, as she was out of funds. I went into a bank and asked for a draft, at the same time handing a sum of money to pay for it, in which there were several half-sovereigns. The clerk pushed three of the half-sovereigns back to me.

"Counterfeit," he said.

"What," said I. "Do you mean to tell me these half-sovereigns are counterfeit?"

"I do."

"Are you certain?"

"Perfectly certain. They are remarkably well executed, but they are deficient in weight. See for yourself."

And he placed one in the scales against a genuine half sovereign on the other side. The latter weighed down the former.

"This is the best executed counterfeit coin I ever saw in my life," I exclaimed, examining them very closely. "Is all the counterfeit coin in circulation here of the same character as this?"

"Oh! dear, no," replied the clerk, "it is not nearly so well done. These are the work of Ned Willett, the famous Cockney counterfeiter. I know them well, for I have handled a great many of them in my time. Here is some of the money that is in circulation here," he added, taking several thick uns from a drawer. "You see the milling is not nearly as perfect as Ned Willett's although it is pretty well done, too."

I compared the two, and found that he was right. I supplied the place of the three counterfeit half-sovereigns with good coin, and returned the former to my pocket again.

A few days after this I received information which caused me to take a journey to a village situated about four miles from Punchestown. I arrived there at night, and took up my quarters at the only tavern in the place. It was a wretched dwelling, and kept by an old man and woman, the surliest couple I think it has ever been my lot to meet. In answer to my inquiry as to whether I could have lodging there for the night, I noticed that the host gave a peculiar look at his wife, and after some whispering I was informed, in the most ungracious manner possible, that I could have a bed.

I have frequently, in the course of my life, been obliged to put up with wretched accommodation, so I did not allow my equanimity of temper to be destroyed by the miserable fare set before me and the still more miserable sleeping apartment into which I was ushered after I had concluded my repast.

Presently I began to grow weary, and throwing myself on my pallet I was soon plunged into a deep slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a dull sound, which resembled someone hammering in the distance. I suppose it was the peculiarity of the sound which woke me, for it was by no means loud, but conveyed to me the idea of someone striking iron with a muffled hammer. I rose up from my bed and went to the window; the moon was low in the western horizon, by which fact I knew it must be nearing morning. The sound I have referred to reached me more distinctly than when in the back part of the chamber. It appeared to come from some outhouses which were situated about a hundred yards distant from the house.

Now, I am naturally of an inquiring mind, and this sound, occurring, as it did, in the middle of the night, in such a remote, out-of-the-way place, piqued my curiosity, and I felt an irresistible desire to go and discover the nature of it. This desire, as the sound continued, grew upon me to such intensity that I resolved to gratify it at any price.

A few steps brought me into the lower apartment, which I found entirely deserted. I crept quietly to the door, and, unfastening it without making the slightest noise, was soon in the moonlight.

Not a soul was visible, but the sound still continued, and grew more distinct as I approached the place whence it proceeded. At last I found myself before a long, low building, through the crevices of which I could perceive a lurid glare issuing. I stooped down and peered through the keyhole, and to my extreme surprise I saw half a dozen strong-looking men with their coats off and sleeves turned up, performing a variety of strange occupations. Some were working at a forge, others were superintending the casting of moulds, and some were engaged in the process of milling coin. In a moment the whole truth burst upon me. Here was the gang of counterfeiters I was in search of, and the landlord and his wife evidently belonged to the same gang, for in one corner I perceived them employed, the man polishing off some "gold" pieces, just turned from the moulds, while the woman was packing the finished coins into rolls.

I had seen enough, and was about to return to my apartment again, when suddenly I felt a heavy hand placed upon my shoulder, and turning my head round, to my horror found myself in the grasp of a ill-looking a scoundrel as ever escaped the gallows.

"What are you doing here, you ——!" he exclaimed in a gruff voice, giving me a shake.

"Taking a stroll by moonlight," I replied, endeavoring to maintain my presence of mind.

"Well, perhaps you'll just take a stroll in here, will you?" returned the ruffian, pushing open the door and dragging me in after him.

All the inmates of the barn immediately stopped work and rushed towards us when they saw me.

"Why, what's this?" they all exclaimed.

"A loafer I found peeping outside," said the man who had captured me.

"He's a traveler that came to the tavern to-night and asked for lodgings. The last time I saw him he was safe in bed," said the landlord.

The men withdrew to a corner of the apartment, leaving one to keep guard over me. I soon saw they were in earnest consultation, and they were evidently debating some important question. The man keeping guard over me said nothing but scowled fiercely. I had not uttered a single word during all the time I had been in the barn. I was aware that whatever I might say would in all probability only do more harm than good, and it has always been a maxim of mine to hold my tongue when in doubt. At last the discussion seemed to be settled, for the blackest and dirtiest of the whole gang came forward, and without any introduction exclaimed:

"We'll soon put an end to you."

I did not move a muscle, nor utter a word.

"You have found out our secret, and dead men tell no tales."

I was still silent.

"We give you ten minutes to say your prayers, and will allow you the privilege of saying whether you will be hanged or shot."

Suddenly an idea struck me. I remembered something that might save my life. I burst into a violent fit of laughter; in fact, it was hysterical, but they did not know that. They looked from one to the other in the greatest amazement.

"Well, he takes it mighty cool, anyhow," said one.

"I suppose he don't think we're in earnest," said another.

My only reply was a fit of laughter more violent than the first.

"The man's mad!" they exclaimed.

"Or drunk," said some.

"Well, boys," I cried, speaking for the first time, "this is the best joke I ever seed. What, hang a pal?"

"A pal—you a pal?"

"I ain't nothing else," was my elegant rejoinder.

"What's your name?"

"Did you never hear of Ned Willett?" I asked.

"You may be certain of that. Ain't he at the head of our profession?"

"Well, then, I'm Ned Willett."

"You Ned Willett!" they all exclaimed.

"You may bet your life on that." I returned, swaggering up to the corner where I had seen the old woman packing the counterfeit coin.

Fortune favored me. None of the men present had ever seen Ned Willett, although his reputation was well known to them, and my swaggering, insolent manner had somewhat thrown them off their guard, yet I could plainly see all their doubts were not removed.

"And you call these things well done, do you?" I asked, taking up a roll of money. "Well, all I can say is, that if you can't do better than this you had better shut up shop, that's all."

"Can you show us anything better?" asked one of the men.

"I rather think I can. If I couldn't I'd go and hang myself."

"Let's see it," they all cried.

This was my last *coup*, and one on which I knew my life depended.

"Lookee here, gentlemen," I exclaimed, taking one of the counterfeit half-sovereigns from my pocket which had been rejected at the bank, "here's my last job; what do you think of it?"

It was passed from hand to hand, some saying it was no counterfeit at all, others saying that it was.

"How will you prove that it is a counterfeit?" asked one of them.

"By weighing it with a genuine one," I replied.

The plan was immediately adopted, and its character proved.

"Perhaps he got this by accident," I heard one of the men whisper to another.

"Try these," said I, taking the other two from my pocket.

All their doubts now vanished.

A Wonderful Child.

Mrs. Pearson—People in this country talk about kings and sons of kings having no brains. Why, James, you brag all over town about your having been a drummer-boy at fifteen, while here this ten-year-old son of Emperor William is a lieutenant. I tell you, his parents should feel proud of him!

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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is much glossier, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, *alias* "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 25 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color. It is a wonderful dressing, and has been of great benefit to my wife in removing dandruff, with which she was very much troubled. She considers it indispensable to her toilet."—R. J. Lowry, Jones Prairie, Milan Co., Texas.

"This is to certify that for many years I have had an itching of the scalp, and my hair had nearly all fallen off. I was induced by Dr. T. J. Gossett to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. By so doing, the itching was entirely cured and the hair grew out on the top of my head, where it was bald."—J. W. Harp, Deputy P. M., Mullinville, Kans.

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"Beautiful!" exclaimed some. "Splendid, begorra!" said others.

When they had examined them to their satisfaction, they all of them cordially shook me by the hand, every particle of doubt having vanished from their minds.

I carried out my part well. Some questions were occasionally asked me involving some of the technicalities of the business; these, however, I avoided by stating that I was on a journey of pleasure, and would much rather drink a glass of whisky than answer questions. The whisky was produced, and we made a night of it, and it was not until morning had dawned that we separated.

The next day I returned to Dublin, and brought down the necessary assistance and captured the whole gang of counterfeiters in the very act. The den was broken up for ever, and most of them were condemned to serve a term of years in chokey.

I have those counterfeit half-sovereigns still in my possession, and intend never to part with them, for they were certainly the means of saving my life.—*W. Burgess, in Tit-Bits.*

A Big Snap.

Reuben—Hello, Phil! what yer goin' to do wid dat old drain-pipe?

Phil—Ole man's sellin' 'em to de decorative art society for umbreller-stands. I've stole all de pipe in Horseheads, New York.

Mrs. Blank was a good, kind-hearted woman, but she talked very little, and had a sort of dejected, mournful air about her that was trying to a hostess when she was subjected to a whole afternoon of it.

One lady in speaking of Mrs. Blank's visits, which were always lengthy, very aptly said: "Well, she is what might be called lonesome company."

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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The Drama.

THE English critics do not speak well of Strathlogan, an American melodrama now being performed in London. *Modern Society* angrily asks: "Are we never to have anything but rubbish at the Princess's? Surely, when Mr. Herberte Basing finds that there is no profit to be made out of worthless melodrama at a west-end house, he might offer us something better. Messrs. Overton and Moss's piece deals with the adventures and troubles of Maurice O'Mara, a silly young fellow who allows himself to be entangled in an assassination society, and through his own folly is suspected of having murdered an Earl. His sister has married the Earl's younger brother, and her horror when she is led to imagine that the murderer of her husband's brother is her own brother may be imagined. Skilfully handled, this idea might be made dramatically effective, but the details in Strathlogan are of the crudest description, and the characters who are not knaves are fools and give themselves away in a manner that is positively exasperating. The great comic scene—unintentionally comic—is where the heroine is plunged in a whirlpool by the villain and is dragged round and round until rescued by her lover. Miss Dorothy Dorr could make little of her part, and Miss Olga Brandon not much more as the hero's sister."

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Speaking of the same production Labouchere's *Truth* assaults the crazy realism of its whirlpool scene in this fashion: "A prize might well be offered to anyone who could fairly describe the plot, which is a hash of melodrama without any seasoning or sauce. But the climax comes when poor Miss Dorothy Dorr is flung off a 'beetling crag,' and compelled to be whirled round and round on the green cover of Robert Macaire's squeaky snuff-box. It can't be a whirlpool, for whirlpools don't exist in Killarney waterfalls, and whirlpools don't squeak. It can't be a cabbage or a cauliflower, for they grow in fields and gardens, and not in cascades. Besides, vegetables don't squeak, except when they are pinched before boiling. And this was a very boiling cabbage or green artichoke. No, I am convinced it was the shagreen squeaking snuff-box of Robert Macaire. The author could not squeeze in amongst his other reminiscences of the dead drama either Macaire or Jaques Strop, so he used the squeaky box in the form of an Irish whirlpool. The public, believe me, will not support bad work in any form. It is not the vulgarity of public taste that is at fault; it is the worthlessness of public entertainment."

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Marie Dressler, who plays the part of the brigandess in the Robber of the Rhine now running in New York, is a Toronto girl, being Miss Leila Koerber, daughter of Prof. Koerber, who removed from this city to Gotham a few years ago.

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While the stage kiss is not "linked sweetness long drawn out," neither is it unreal. Every play has its kisses, and every player his idea of bestowing them, modified in many instances to suit the actress or soubrette. Kissing, like the rest of the stage business, is carefully rehearsed, and great artistes have no hesitancy in telling a leading man or a tenor where and how they wish to be kissed. Almost any actor can kiss the heroine to whom he is making love, but it takes an artist to put the reverent affection in the kiss imprinted on the brow and cheek of the lady playing the *role* of mother or sister.

Mr. J. Glendinning played leading parts with Mrs. Kendal on the other side. He had many nice things to say of her and her devotion to art. I remember the first time I played with her in The White Lie, she wanted a good deal of realism in it, and to tell the truth I was a little timid about making the advance the part called for. She saw at once my diffidence and graciously came to my rescue. "Now, Mr. Glendinning," she said, "I want you to feel as unconstrained towards me as you do toward your wife. You are to show me just as much affectionate attention. Don't hesitate in the least to smooth my hair or caress me." This at once put me at my ease, and I kissed her face and her hair and her fingers, and when my kisses were not definite enough she told me so and I modified them. That is what every true artist does. There is absolutely no more feeling in the matter than there is in offering the leading lady a chair or returning her fan.

Jean de Reszke had a tender way of taking the soprano's face between his hands, bending down and kissing the parting in her blonde wig that was very effective. Dixey has always been recognized as a fickle kisser; one night he will kiss the leading lady with vigor and finish, and the next omit it altogether. De Wolfe Hopper's kisses are among his funniest attractions; when Madame Cotrelly was in the company he could bring down the house by kissing his hand and pressing it to her rosy lips. E. J. Henley's Gloriana kisses are anything but icy, and sparks have also been a feature of Mr. Robert Hilliard's kisses. It was Mr. Harry Hilliard's explosive kisses in the opera Polly, when Miss Russell was airy fairy Lillian, that made kindling of the wood mantel over the domestic hearth. Teddy Solomon stopped in the middle of the dress rehearsal and refused to lead the orchestra.

The most extraordinary kissing is accomplished by Marie Tempest when occasion requires. She has a trick of placing her thumbnails to her lips and kissing the space between them, making a distinctly audible sound. To all appearances she has the tenor's face between her hands and her lips pressed to his, whereas there is the length of her hands between them. Tenors as a class do not take kindly to the Tempest kiss, but she is the *prima donna* and it goes.—*New York World.*

Art and Artists.

Mr. G. Bruenech has returned after a tour of several months in the United States. During his absence he not only had an opportunity of viewing some very fine collections, but he met with considerable success in disposing of his productions in Detroit, Cleveland and Washington. At the latter place, through the kindness of Sir Julian Pauncefote, who was also a liberal purchaser, Mr. Bruenech was readily brought into contact with the art-loving public, from whom he met with very appreciative treatment. It is the intention of Mr. Bruenech to spend the present summer in Canada.

•

Wilhelm Busch, the caricaturist of the Fliegende Blatter, is now a great hand at the cultivation of bees, and his ambition is to be known as a famous apiarist. Among Germans he is vastly popular. He has never attempted to caricature politics, never uttered epigrams upon conspicuous persons, nor do we learn the bad manners and morals of the time from him; nothing malignant, unpatriotic, impure, mean, has ever borne his signature. He is always delightfully innocent, with a broad and bolsterous humor. The adventures of a chignon, the mischievous tricks of a monkey who upsets a whole household, the experience of a man falling into dough and being baked alive are subjects sufficiently interesting for his pen. He never uses a model, but draws everything from imagination with a simple pen which also serves him for writing. His imagination is so fertile that when a publisher, who was ordering a book, once asked him when it would be finished, he replied: "In a week or two, perhaps sooner!" As soon as this became known his publishers continually annoyed him with asking him to lower his prices. Busch is a very pleasant person to meet, but in his manners entirely different from what the reader might imagine. He has a stout figure and a full face with a long gray beard, small vivacious eyes beaming with good-natured mischief, a friendly mouth, with some slight motion even when silent. His speech is slow, almost dragging; he even stutters somewhat now and then. His conversation is amiable throughout, always full of meaning but simple in tone and expression. His wit and humor only belong to his pen, and though he can hardly write a letter without introducing a sketch or a rhyme, his oral utterances on the contrary show no trace of these qualities. Only when he is jolly—he was always a heavy drinker—he talks continually in doggerel, always using the last word of the speaker as a rhyme for his answer. VAN.

'Varsity Chat.

HAD not university life been so full of thought and activity this chat would have closed a few weeks ago, but the times would not have it so. As there are, however, seasons in college life as in nature, it would not be in keeping with either natural phenomena or mental activity that I through the sultry days should write of men and women who, wearied of intellectual struggles, have forsaken the corridors for the lawn, the forest or the stream. Into the midst of their new or changed surroundings I will not venture to follow our undergraduates. I could not sufficiently describe the joy that those who have leisure may be able to attain, and those who have to toil sixteen hours a day on a farm until the close of their vacation would be inclined to think, no matter what I should write, that I had failed to catch the spirit of the age. I too have had experience in the field—the farm field—and by the time the public are reading this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT I shall be scenting the clover.

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A British cheer is said to have wonderful effect on the Imperial army, and also upon their opponents. This is a good illustration of the effect of a yell, and in all contests on the campus between college men the opposing forces are stirred up by the "cries" of their supporters. This idea is also developed to apply to "classes" and the students as a whole. I have taken pleasure in collecting some "yells." That of old Vic. applies to all the years, in fact all the students of the last session may be said to belong to the class of '92 so far as Cobourg is concerned. My collection of "yells" is as follows:

University of Toronto—Hurrah! Hurrah! to our colors we'll be true. Oh! we're the pride of 'Varsity. The class of '92.

Victoria—V-i-c-t-o-r-i-a. No—flies—on—her—you—bet."

Yale—Ki-o kekex, coax, coax: brek e-kekex, coax, coax; o op, o op, parabalou—'92."

[The cry is taken from the Greek play of Aristophanes, entitled The Frogs.]

Trinity—"Trin-I-tee! Trin-I-tee! How are you? We're all right! We're '92!"

Wesleyan—"Kola, Kata, Wesleyana, '92, '92, Rah, Rah, Rah!" [The class of '91 parodied the yell thus: "Mamma, mamma! I want mamma! '92! '92! Pa, pa, pa!"]

Cornell—"'92, oh! '92! We are the stuff! We are the stuff! Sez I!"

Amherst—"Hal-lab aloo, hal-lab aloo. Amherst, '92!"

Dartmouth — "Wah-hoo-wah! Wah-hoo-wah! Da-da-da-da Dartmouth! '92! T-i-g-e-r-r-r!"

Rutgers—"Wish-la-ha! Wish-la-hoo! 1892!"

Lafayette—"Rah, rah, rah! Duo et non-a-ginta! Laf-ay-ette!"

Bowdoin—"Rah, rah, rah! Hullabaloo, Bowdoin, Bowdoin, '92!"

Syracuse—"What, who—'92. Ne plus ultra, '92!"

Union—Ra, ra, ra! Ru, ru, ru! Boom-a-ling, boom-a-ling, '92!"

Dickinson—Hoo rah roo-1892 '92-rah-rah-roo '92 Dick-in-son!"

University of Pennsylvania—"MDCCC '92! U. of P.! Rah, rah, rah!"

Williams—"Hi-O-Ki-O-Ya-Ya-Duo-Kalenena outa!"

Stevens—"Rah, rah, Gray! Rah, rah, Blue! Boom, rah, Stevens! '92!"

•

The class of '92 has passed forever from our halls, and to themselves their sojourn here must appear brief. It is but a yesterday since they were pursued as freshmen by the hazers on the lawn, but now they belong to the *alumni*. They are numbered among the learned of the land. Let us hope that all of them will reap good fruit from what they have sown, and that life will be more pleasant to them in consequence of the inspiration they have received from all that goes to make a university. The tendency at first will be for them to regret that they spent so much valuable time in study, while others were making their impression upon the revolving sphere. This is a false view of the whole matter and years hence no class will more thoroughly realize that it is than those of '92. It is an honor for a man or woman to faithfully take a course in arts for the love of knowledge alone, but it is well to remember, as a well known thinker has said, that there is danger as well as honor in belonging to a class rich in noble antecedents; danger of mistaking the heritage committed to our trust; of cherishing with faithful pride the particular judgments delivered to us from the past and letting slip the habits of severe activity, the fresh hopes of truth, the resolve to make a master's measure of the tune, which saved our predecessors from merely repeating the symbols of an earlier age. Unless thought perpetually renews its youth and lifts a seeking eye afresh to the living light, decrepitude and waste befall whatever it has achieved. The world's effective wealth is not so much in any deposit of hoarded truths on which the key of preservation can be turned as in the circulation of immediate thought based, no doubt, upon the ancient store, but bringing into comparison the products and values of the hour.

•

Gentle readers all, a word before we part. You know that newspapers have character. They also desire to develop it as well as their circulation. At 'Varsity there are many elements. A match put to any of these elements would cause an explosion which might put a blot upon the character of the paper containing the objectionable paragraph, reduce its circulation and lead to the dismissal of the writer. 'Varsity, too, has a character indefinite at times in the multitude of her interests as it may appear. In my chat, therefore, I had many things to consider. Occasionally I may not have been broad and generous enough and have been led away by the sentiments of the hour, but in the midst of the many considerations pressing upon me I endeavored to do my duty, with what success I leave others to judge. Now as I lay down my pen I bid you a cordial farewell. JUNIOR.

Be Just to a Genius.

EDGAR Allan Poe was not the child of dissolute and dishonored parents as we have been taught to believe. A writer in the Chicago *Saturday Evening Herald* has come forth to defend the name of the gifted author of The Raven and Annabel Lee, and claims that no man has been more maligned.

His father belonged to an irreproachable family, and his mother, though an actress, was yet without blame of any kind. The poet was born in Baltimore on February 19, 1809, and was orphaned at the early age of two years, both his parents dying in 1811. The boy, whose precocity was already manifest, found a happy home with his godfather, a Mr. Allan, a gentleman of wealth and culture, who, having no children, adopted little Edgar as his son and treated him with a tenderness which, however beautiful, was yet unwise.

When but eight years old the poet was sent to England, where he was five years at school. Then Mr. Allan recalled him and he entered an academy at Richmond, Virginia. Four years after, when seventeen, we find him at the University of Virginia, situated at Charlesville. Here he passed but a single session. His reason for quitting the University is not known, but assuredly he was not expelled as has been reported. On the contrary, he was highly reputed as a student and did exceptional honor to his class. But he had unhappily fallen into debt and his passion for cards involved him in troubles of a very serious character. Mr. Allan lost patience with him. A quarrel followed and a breach was made which was never healed. For two years there is no record of the unfortunate boy. He went to Europe ostensibly to assist the Greeks in their struggle for liberty. But in 1829 he reappeared in Richmond.

Edgar Allan Poe died in Baltimore in 1849, having survived his adored wife but two years. The circumstances of his death shroud the affair in a deeper gloom than its wont and steep his name in shadow. Personally, Poe was a wonderfully handsome man. Tall and slight, his dark hair and sad, though luminous eyes lent to his pallid face an unique interest and beauty. His features were delicate and regular, his shoulders slightly drooping, his fingers long, white and supple. He looked what he was—the poet.

His published works comprise three volumes, two of prose tales, one of poems. There is a weird fascination about his every line which is a part of his genius.

No one ever has and no one ever will imitate him. He stands alone. One noticeable characteristic of his poetry is its brevity. Sometimes we have but a single stanza, yet so artistic, so fantastic, so complete that we are not conscious of wanting more.

It is time we should say that Americans for very shame if for nothing else, rose in arms against the outrage done one who should be the pride and not the disgrace of our literature. The base slanders of Griswold are easily thrust out. It is only because men prefer to believe ill rather than good of their fellows that they have been so long received. But may we not award the dead poet what we denied the living author—justice? It is late to make any reparation, I grant. For more than forty years the storms have beaten upon his neglected grave. Still, we may yet retrieve the past in so far as it has to do with his reputation. Edgar Allan Poe was not addicted to debauch and drunkenness. He was not expelled from the University of Virginia. He did not write by the inspiration of chloral. He was not a failure because of his irregularities of life and conduct. He was only one of the many whom "unmerciful disaster follows fast and follows faster" until they sink beneath the swirling torrent of misfortune to sleep and to forget. Let us think not of his faults but of his greatness. Surely when so much of light and beauty is ours for contemplation it is contemptible to dwell forever upon the dark and the forbidding.

•

Mistress (to new housemaid fresh from the country)—Now, see, Sarah, this is the way to light the gas. You turn this little tap, so, and then apply the match, so. You understand!

New Housemaid—Yes, ma'am; quite ma'am.

Mistress (next morning)—Why, what a horrible smell of gas! Where can it come from? We shall all be suffocated!

New Housemaid (with much pride)—Please, ma'am, what shall I do next! I've made all the beds, and dusted the rooms, and turned on all the gasses ready for the night.

"I told you yesterday I would not marry you," said she.

"I know it," said he. "That is why I ask you again to-day. You would not be so lacking in originality, I hope, as to repeat to-day what you said yesterday."

"Old King Canute wasn't smart."

"Why not?"

"Why, when he wanted to show that the sea was his servant, he should have ordered it to give him a foot-bath."

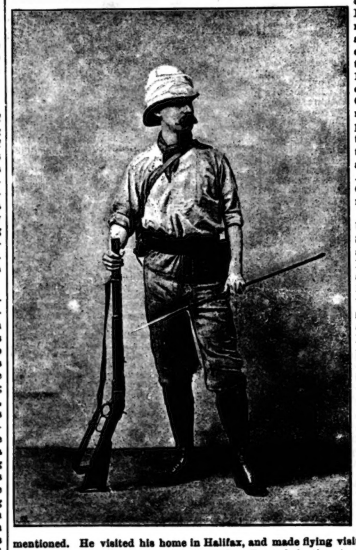
•

Mrs. Pancake (to man engaging board)—My rule is always "Pay in advance."

Hardup—That's good. I'd hate to be kicked out of my room because you had failed to pay your rent!

The Late Captain Stairs.

Telegrams from Mozambique and Zanzibar have announced the death of that gallant young Canadian, Captain Stairs, who made himself famous as the lieutenant of Stanley in his African explorations. After the Emin Pasha relief expedition had returned Captain Stairs was approached by those interested in a new project, and the result was that in May, 1891, he left for Central Africa on behalf of the Katanga Company of Brussels, in command of a well equipped expedition to explore the Katanga country which lies between Lakes Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza. According to the despatches Captain Stairs died on the return journey to Zanzibar.



He was a Canadian, having been born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, less than thirty years ago. He graduated from the Kingston military school, and then went to New Zealand as a Government railway engineer, afterwards going to England to take up a commission in the Royal Engineers. When Stanley was fitting out his Emin Pasha relief expedition Capt. Stairs, then a lieutenant, volunteered, and on sight the great explorer promptly engaged him. It proved a shrewd choice, for Captain Stairs did capital work, with which the world has since become familiar. Various honors were conferred upon him in England, among others the appointing of him as aide-de-camp of the Royal Engineers at Aldershot may be mentioned. He visited his home in Halifax, and made flying visits to friends in Kingston and other parts of the Dominion and returned to Brussels in time to take his place at the head of the expedition to the Katanga country. People will never believe that an African explorer is dead until they see the corpse, so there is reluctance to believe the news from Zanzibar.

The Old Pier.

For Saturday Night.

On the old pier 'mid the stones sea-beaten
I stand while the evening shadows fall,
And the sadden'd waters around me sighing
Fond bygone memories recall.

The full June moon shines down as of olden
Thro' the twilight mists which dissolve away,
And her rays are limning in black and in golden
The wooded shores of the cliff-crown'd bay.

The same old church on the dreary upland
Stands stately alone, as in days gone by,
And her towering turrets like hands celestial
Point to the depths of the cloudless sky.

I love thee, old pier, for 'twas here in the gloaming,
To the flower ador'd breeze and the wild, wand'ring wave,
I whispered my hopes for the mystic bound future
Which lay betwixt me and the far-seeming grave.

Bright gilded dreams, the dreams of childhood,
Flooded my hot expectant brain
As I basked in the sunshine of airy-built visions,
Visions which never can come again.

I saw my life as a path bestrewn
With fair roses kiss'd by the dews of morn,
I saw and long'd for the opening blossom,
I saw not nor thought of the hidden thorn.

Ah! the childhood days are the days the brightest,
And the mist divine are the childhood dreams,
To the youthful mind e'en the heavens are lovely,
And fancy's highest height but a mole-hill seems.

Yet fancy is ever a halo shedding
Round the seasons past, and its mellow glow
Makes brighter the days that were dark, while the glad ones
To a beauty akin to celestial grow.

And whenever I visit the old pier at even,
To gaze on the scenes so familiar to me,
The old days come back with a strange sad sweetness,
Sad that they never again can be. A. L. MCNAB.

A Prince Edward Beauty.

For Saturday Night.

There is a lady known to me, who is most wondrous fair,
Her eyes are bright as crystal and lovely is her hair;
From the crown of her bright tresses to the tip of her sma ll shoe,
She comes as near perfection as anything can do.

She is a skilled musician, and dances in a way
Which makes you think of moonlit nights and fairies at their play;
She has read all sorts of books; in as wise as she is fair,
As good as she is wise and as sweet as summer air.

This daughter of Prince Edward, like the county of her birth,
Is far more beautiful than large, like most sweet things on earth;
Having been made, as I have full many a time declared,
Of such unique materials that more could not be spared.

Of all Prince Edward's beauties, the one most strangers praise,
Is the beauty of her daughters and the witchery of their ways,
This lady and her sisters, as good as they are sweet,
Are dangerous for the stranger from other lands to meet.

To meet with one like I have sung, is to desire to stay
And try to win her for a wife, without the least delay,
Nor could a man do better who seeks a happy life,
Than settle in a lovely land with such a lovely wife.

Picton, Ont. R. G.

An Interested Audience.

For Saturday Night.

The moon gleam'd round and red that night,
The flowers sighed as sank the light
Of their great monarch from the sight,—
And then the frog croaked.

The flowers sighed and breathed there
With fragrant breath their evening prayer,
And gave their sweetness to the air,—
Again the frog croaked.

The moon gleamed red. Adown the lane
She saw a straggling village wain
Roll on and out,—'twas still again
Until the frog croaked.

"And now do all the lane forsake,
The frog and I are aught awake,
The frog in yonder tiny lake."
Thus mused the moon. From the lagoon
Again the frog croaked.

But redder, rounder yet she gleamed,
For far adown the lane it seemed
Were more awake than she had deemed.
And then the frog croaked.

And slowly, softly, smiling came
Two children at the old, old game,
Bawling.....cooing,
Vowing.....wooing,—
Ever 'twas and is the same—
And then, ah then the frog croaked.

Two gentle hearts were given there,
Two mysteries, to other's care,—
O slight so old! O slight so rare!
No wonder the frog croaked.

And on and out and all too soon
They're passed,—the voice from the lagoon
Was heard nor heeded,—a platoon
Of scudding clouds have hid the moon,—
And yet again the frog croaked.

G. H. CLARKE.

Good-bye, My College.

For Saturday Night.

Close the book, the task is done,
The day has flown, the race is run,
Take laurel crown, for college gown,
The prize is won.

Away, away, speed one, speed all,
Through college hall, o'er college wall,
Where shouts were rife, and bounding life,
Let silence fall.

Nor linger more, with weeping eye,
To idly sigh, "Good-bye, good-bye,"
My college days, their wild, glad ways,
Must die, must die!

Silent thou hangest, my crowned bell,
When your notes swell, o'er hill and dell,
Strangers will come, I shall be gone,
Alas, Farewell!

Toronto. MABEL MACLEAN HELLWELL.

Early Morning on the River.

For Saturday Night.

Soft steals the day o'er all the sleeping world,
The purpling east with deepening color gleams;
The gloom-clad hills have scorned their sable pall,
And all the vales are wrapped in rosy dreams.

The paling star that its the earlier hours,
Now dimly twinkles in the distant west;
The robin's trill from yonder tree is heard,
And all the boughs with crystal drops are drest.

The Ridean gleams with ever-sparkling breast,
Between the grassy banks, with placid flow;
The soft unveiling of the orb of day
In sweet submission lends a brighter glow.

The gentle breeze, a perfumed censer swings,
Above the dewy fields and misty lanes;
Another sun dispels th' encroaching night,
And moving Time another morning gains.

R. KELLY.

Between You and Me.

HOW much of the sidewalk has each person a right to and how long may they occupy that portion? is a question suggested by the street deportment and habits of certain folks I know. Not the inebriate, who takes it cornerwise; he may have it all, and welcome! nor yet the fiend with the grimy-wheeled baby carriage, she takes it all, of course; nor yet the tricycle, which always reminds me, as I skim along in the road, of the quotation about "fools rushing in where angels fear to tread;" (that quotation always has a soothing effect on a rough piece of block pavement.) But just ordinary men and women, girls and beaux; how much of the path do they own, and how long a lease? Do you know what put this question into my head? Nothing less than a wail of woe from a much-hindered man, who resents the promenading habits of his fellow beings. "Talk about English cyclists riding five abreast," says he, "and being edicted and fined for so doing, I should like you to say something about ladies (so called) who think it quite right to link arms and occupy the width of the sidewalk so that no one can go by without going into the street," etc

*

Well, my friend, I will say something! I should not dream of going into the street, but should address the linked ones thus. "Let me pass, if you please," and their links would fall apart and they would probably be covered with confusion to think they had impeded your progress. Just because people bar your way, don't think they do it on purpose, and don't be too hard on thoughtless folk. Of course it is of the shop and shoppy to walk with linked arms in the streets, and the *ton* very rarely commit the fault. For my part, I rather enjoy being impeded by three or four pretty, thoughtless, chattering girls, but it's a matter of taste! And now for one at you, Mr. Man! What I don't like is to walk behind a couple of you people and receive into my intellectual lungs the smoke from your mouths, not direct from your cigars, but after you have done with it. And I don't like to have to go down any public stairs like a "Kilnie" because you have been along before me and left your mark thereon. *Comprenez?* I very seldom upbraid a smoker. I hate to spoil their evident comfort in a good pipe or cigar, but sometimes they are thoughtless and selfish, just like the women, and even the most pusillanimous woman (that's Lady Gay) will take her own and her sex's part at a pinch.

*

Another letter came to me some days ago which gives a thread to weave a thought with. It is from a very impulsive, open-hearted and careless girl, who says: "Do you not love your country? I regard mine as a sort of second mother. The Queen, the nobility, England and Canada. I love Aristocracy and I hate Equal Rights, Democracy and all that rubbish. I would like to have lived in the days of chivalry when women stayed at home and men did their duty." I thought that young woman was a back number! I like the sequence of her affection—the Queen, the nobility, England and Canada—poor Canada last! And I wonder what her country is anyway! Ireland, I should say, from the precious confusion of her ideas. I am sorry I do not agree with her. I respect our good Queen and would walk backward from her presence with the utmost grace a bell skirt would allow, and some of the nobility I decidedly admire, they are so kind and simple in their courtesy, but there's nobility and nobility, and some of the heads that carry a coronet know more of the tough side of life than is wholesome, and anyone with proper self-respect should not go anywhere near loving them. As for the days of chivalry, *la la!* as the French say. I know of a being who wooed his wife by knocking her down on her way from church, and thumping her so that in fear of her life she married him. I know of brave knights who drank and gambled and murdered in the days of chivalry, and of fair ladies who ate with their fingers, never wore stockings, and whose laundry bill was their least anxiety. My dear little romantic girl correspondent, don't rail at this practical, busy, independent, cleanly, healthy, sensible era in which you have the luck to be born, and when you say that you love your country locate yourself somewhere handy. If it's Canada, it is not England; if it's England, it certainly isn't Canada, and if it is "Aristocracy" don't commit yourself in such a wholesale manner, for I can assure you you have no idea of the largeness of your contract.

*

A nice summer outing can be had by people who have lots of cash. That being plenty, you take your map and your guide book, and your wife, or whoever rules your ways, into your counsels and map out a tour. Then you hire your drawing-room car, your dining car, and your boudoir car. Then you get your little party of fortunate friends together and away you go. It costs a lot, but it is just now a pet way of spending money. LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Andrew Carnegie was an errand boy in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company when thirteen years old. Within five years he was appointed chief operator of telegraphy, and a few years after bought a small iron foundry in partnership with his brother, and laid the foundation of his present wealth, which he estimates as between $30,000,000 and $35,000,000.

The Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the new Archbishop of Westminster, is a total abstainer and a strong advocate of temperance. He is a man of phenomenal energy, a firm believer in the utility of ministerial work outside of the pulpit and has accomplished much for the condition of the houses of the poor in London and Manchester, and in alleviating many of the miseries of the sweating system.

The model of the large bronze statue of Chester A. Arthur will be erected in the autumn in New York City. Mr. E Keyser is the artist, but he has not entirely finished the clay model in all its details. It will take about four months to finish the bronze figure. The model is 9 ft. 3 in. high. The former president is represented in the act of speaking at a cabinet meeting. He has a document folded in his left hand, which hangs by his side. He has just taken off his glasses, and is making a gesture with them in his right hand.

The G. O. M., like Mrs. Gilpin, has a "frugal mind," and shows an excellent example to a not over-thrifty nation of economy in small things. He recently received a copy of a book, The Development of Revelation, by Mr. E. Reeves Palmer, which took his fancy, and he now writes to the author's brother as follows: "I shall be glad to know whether I can have twelve copies at trade price, and what will be the charge?" Mr. Gladstone seems to be as careful of his own finances as he has been of the national exchequer, and is a standing refutation of the old saw about "good lawyers and bad wills."

Two hundred thousand pounds is the price of the five chains of pearls forming the *collier* of the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild, and that of the Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild is almost as valuable. Both these ladies are enthusiastic collectors of pearls, and their jewelers have instructions to buy for them any pearl of unusual size or beauty which they may happen to come across. The sister of Mdme. Thiers, Mdlle. Dosne, is also owner of a very valuable chain of pearls, which she has collected during the last thirty years of her life. Of so called black pearls the Empress of Austria possesses the most valuable collection.

The custom of keeping bank accounts has increased with surprising rapidity among the women of New York within the last five years. There are two banks—the Lincoln National and Fifth avenue—which have quite fifteen hundred women depositors each, and special facilities are enjoyed by women in these two banks. Important alterations are now being made in the internal arrangement of the Lincoln Bank in order to give better accommodation to the female customers. General James, president of the bank, states that of the $6,653,000 of deposits now on hand one million stands to the credit of women. When asked how the women in general managed their accounts, Mr. James said that they were more methodical and much more careful than the men. They kept their books written up more closely, and never attempted to overdraw their accounts.

The new actress, Miss Maggie Garrett, enters upon her career under happy auspices. Nature has done much for her. Her prettily shaped head is covered with an abundance of wavy golden hair, her face is continually smiling, and she has a mouth as eloquent of good nature as was that of the lamented Samary of the Comedie Francaise. Already she has shown talent as a comedian and as a dancer. She has learned comedy and stage deportment under her instructress, Miss Henrietta Cowan, and dancing in the best Parisian schools. To know how to dance is, of course, of the greatest value to any actress, but Miss Garrett is too clever a girl to waste her time over "skirt dances" in public. She evidently has inspirations above the Gaiety and mute parts. The confidence she shows on the stage is wonderful for one so young, and she may be cordially advised to continue in the profession she has adopted and for which she is singularly suited.

The Dowager Empress Frederick, mother of the German Emperor, is a living confirmation of the saying, "Unhappy lies the head that wears a crown," even a crown by courtesy. She is just now most unhappy because she has a marriageable daughter upon her hands, the Princess Margaret. She loves her daughter, and does not consider her a mere sop to be thrown to the first nation that needs placating. On this point the empress and her self-willed son do not agree, as the emperor is most desirous that Margaret should marry the heir prospective to the Russian throne, while her mother bitterly opposes the match. The resulting rupture between mother and arrogant son will undoubtedly increase in seriousness, as the empress has declared her intention of standing by her young daughter, who, she declares, and very rightly too, has a right to some of the happiness and liberty enjoyed by her plebeian sisters, even though she be of royal blood.

M. Dumas is sixty-six years old, and is to make his home henceforth in the country, having Sardou for his next door neighbor at Marly le Roy. The Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* tells us something about his home life. He rises at 6.30 in the summer and at seven in the winter. After dressing he goes to his study, where he lights his own fire, reads his letters, receives his friends, and works a little. He does not read the papers, for he generally hears the news before it gets into the journals. His first breakfast consists of a glass of cold milk; the second, which occurs at noon, is a very plain meal. After eating, Dumas works until about four, when he goes out for a promenade. He walks rapidly, with head erect, rolling his shoulders a little. He dines at seven and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He is a light eater, but a heavy sleeper, and needs from eight to nine hours of repose. He expects to write many plays and novels in his new home.

The late Miss Amelia B. Edwards has left her archæological collection to Summerfield College, Oxford, the girls' college, and has endowed a professorship of Egyptology. Mr. W. Flinder Petrie was a very close friend of hers to the last, so that it would not be strange if she has mentioned in her will that Mr. Petrie should be offered this professorship. It would be an admirable chance if time and power were given to explore as well as to teach. We say power to explore advisedly, because Mr. Petrie has been trammeled very much in his Egyptian explorations owing to his being an Englishman. The British Government, to gain diplomatic advantage, has handed over to France the archæological department of Egypt, so that no British subject has a chance henceforth. Mr. Petrie has been thinking seriously of obtaining French protection, and would in that case work for the Louvre. Diplomats care for none of those things. They live in the present, so that the past and the future life are simply ignored by them.

God Bless Our Canada

God bless our Canada!
Glorious Canada!
Land of our birth.
Proud let our nation be,
Blessed in its liberty,
In praise we sing of thee,
Gem of the earth!

Land rich in stream and lake,
Land of wild brush and brake,
Meadow and grove.
May God rich blessings pour,
On thee, from shore to shore,
Thou whom our hearts adore!
Land of our love.

May thy sons honored be,
Far over land and sea,
Where'er they roam;
Tell by their bearing high,
Their tone of chivalry,
Their love of purity,
Thou art their home.

Our country's leaders bless!
'Gainst "greed of gold's" excess,
Firm let them stand.
Lead them in paths aright!
Keep them from sin's foul blight!
Thou, the All-Infinite!
God bless our land.

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE (Caris Sima).

A Detective Story.

I.

THE chief of the detective department sat alone in his office. The chief was gloomy. Business was dull. A palling lethargy had grappled crime, and a depressing monotony in the department was the result. The men were not earning their salt. They might as well have been young lawyers or gentlemen of ease so far as work went. There was positively nothing doing; and the chief was becoming weary from having so much time to kill. What was that? Who said kill? Oh! Time to kill.

"Time to kill, time to kill," muttered the chief over and over again, as he tilted back in his easy chair, and played a tattoo upon its arm with a lead pencil. "Time to kill, time to kill."

Then someone broke in upon his rumination by turning the door-handle and entering the room. The intruder was a man of middle age, and none other than the chief's right bower—senior detective John Slyboots. For the time being he might have been appropriately named Squeakboots, for his brand new articles of footwear made a hideous noise as he walked across the floor to his superior's desk.

"For the sake of peace and quiet, John Slyboots, take off those miserable shoes," growled the chief, who was altogether in a very bad state of mind.

"Sir," said the detective in amazement, never dreaming that his superior officer would allow lack of work to make him irritable. For his part John Slyboots rather liked having little to do. It bore the semblance of a life of ease, of the retired gentleman who did nothing but look after his bonds and stocks, and if John had had a few such desirable commodities the semblance would have been complete and the illusion almost perfect.

"I mean," returned the chief in a more pleasant tone, "I mean grease 'em, oil 'em, anything to take that squeak out of 'em.

"Slyboots, the department has been in a state of irritating dormancy for weeks past. I'm weary of it. We have positively nothing to do further than read French detective stories or study Poe's method of tracing criminals. Can't you help us out of the rut? Put your fertile brain to work and do something."

"Well—er—really, sir," replied senior detective John Slyboots, with a peculiar drawl characteristic of him, at the same time throwing himself into an empty chair, (one thing which showed the subtlety of the man was his wonderful keenness of foresight, he never sat down in a chair unless it was empty), "really," went on Slyboots, "then I don't know just how to—er—create a disturbance—I mean I fail to see how I can—er—raise this department—this estimable department—from its dormant state to one of activity—er—unless I went out and knifed someone and then started to ferret out the—er—mystery and wind up by arresting myself. Really, though, come to think of it, it wouldn't be pleasant for me. Now would it, sir?"

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," quietly responded the chief as he resumed the tattoo upon the chair's arm. Then he suddenly ceased, dropped the chair from its tilted position to the floor with a mighty thud and looked his subordinate straight in the eye. "But, Slyboots, it would give you something to do, wouldn't it?"

"Haw, haw!" laughed the other, "quite right, quite right. Haw, haw!"

One of many cunning things in Slyboots, character was his great adaptability to please his superiors, and no matter how poor their jokes were he would invariably well-nigh laugh himself into a fit over them. They liked it and frequently Slyboots went up a peg or two in their estimation, thereby making his situation all the more secure. Slyboots was astute.

"But, John, let us get to business—what little there is," continued the chief, as he shuffled through a few papers lying upon his desk. "In the first place, then, you are looking remarkably well this morning, remarkably well, I might say frolicsome; and in the second place—open your ears to it, John—we have a mysterious murder case on."

"What—er—is that, sir?" exclaimed John, still retaining his composure though, for he never allowed himself to appear surprised—such a thing would be unbecoming in the eminent detective John Slyboots.

"Yes, John, a mysterious murder case, and of course you will have the handling of it."

"Of course."

"Well, then, this is it: Some time between the hours of 10 a. m. and 12 p. m. yesterday, in this city, someone, either wilfully or otherwise, killed—listen John—killed time, sir. Haw, haw! Ho, ho!"

"Haw, haw! Ho, ho!" roared Slyboots too, until at last in a paroxysm of hilarity he rushed from the room, and his laughter could be heard through the building as he made his way out.

II.

Again was the chief alone, with nothing to occupy his mind.

"Time to kill, time to kill. Haw, haw! That was pretty good on John."

Then he ruminated, then he tattooed upon the chair, then ruminated again.

"Egad, I'll do it," he laughed. "I'll do it, and have a still greater joke on Slyboots."

Drawing his letter pad towards him he tore off a sheet, from which he carefully removed the printed heading:

DETECTIVE DEPARTMENT
POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

thus leaving the paper perfectly plain. Taking up a pen he dipped it in the ink, then paused. (Details are necessary in detective stories. One must be concise.)

"To-day is the 13th," he mused, "I'll take the 15th." Then he wrote:

"On the 15th inst., at 11.30 a.m., No. 35 —— street. Keep your eyes open."

Over and over again he scribbled it, and each time tore the paper into fragments. After numerous repetitions he was at last satisfied, and placing the sheet in an envelope addressed it to—

DETECTIVE JOHN SLYBOOTS,
POLICE HEADQUARTERS,
CITY.

Then leaning back in his chair he laughed heartily.

"Haw, haw! I'll have a good one on John." Carefully putting the note in his pocket the chief of the detective department soon rose and left the office, a smile still playing about his lips.

III.

It was the second afternoon after the occurrence mentioned. The chief of the detective department sat in his office gloomy and irritable as ever. Business had not improved. No crime of greater enormity than a trifling burglary had transpired to enliven the department. In fact, in the chief's mind, the department would soon go up in nothingness from lack of exercise if such a state of affairs continued. Bad luck to the morals of the community anyway. Certainly the chief was craven enough, as was his staff, as are most of us, to work for filthy lucre, but what was a detective's life if he could not acquire a little fame beside, and how was fame to be had with business so ridiculously dull?

"Morning—er—I mean afternoon, sir."

It was Slyboots. He had got rid of the squeak in his shoes, or else had got rid of the shoes. Anyway the squeak was gone. As has been said, Slyboots was astute.

"Most amusing thing has occurred," he went on, striding toward his superior, "and most peculiar."

"Indeed," he said, "then for goodness' sake pray, Slyboots, that it may develop into a deep mystery so as to cheer us up a bit."

A smile rose to the chief's lips but he stifled it.

"Really, sir," Slyboots said, as he took a seat and began fumbling in his pocket, "am sorry, but afraid—er—I can't oblige you, sir."

Then he pulled forth the chief's anonymous note.

"First mail yesterday morning brought me this, sir," said Slyboots, putting the missive on the desk. "Read it."

The chief did so.

"Amusing," he said, "but of course the joke of some silly wag."

"This morning," replied the other, "for lack of something else to do, I thought I'd just take the pointer in that note and went to No. 35 —— street at 11.30. Er—result? Well—er—got him downstairs now on a charge of attempted murder. You see I just caught the fellow in the act of butchering his wife, sir. Most peculiar thing, sir, and I've been puzzling my brain to know who sent me that note."

The chief did not enlighten him, but puzzled his own brain in wondering if it was not more than by mere chance that he wrote the note—if he was not prompted by an unseen agent of superhuman power. MAXWELL GREGG.

Straight to Her Hero.

A Novel in Three Chapters, from the Indianapolis Journal.

I.

"E-e-dith! Where's that gal a-mooning around now, I wonder?"

Startled by her aunt's shrill voice, Edith Everdene slipped hastily down from the stack of fragrant, new-mown hay on which she had been lying, dreaming day dreams.

"What is it, aunt, dear?"

"Don't 'aunt dear' me, but git to work an' git them eggs packed fer Josh to take to town. Here I've been feedin' you for sixteen year, an' you've got no more gratitude than to be layin' around starin' at the sky we'en I'm slavin' myself to keep you out the poorhouse."

Edith's blue eyes filled with unshed tears, but she made no reply.

Moved by some idle impulse she wrote on one egg, "Edith Everdene, Briggsville, Ark."

"Perhaps this may bring my hero to me," she mused. "I wonder will he be as handsome as I have pictured him in my fancy?"

II.

"Rats! Come off! Kill him!"

Roscius Barnes Tormer, the tragedian, was giving his unequalled rendition of Hamlet.

With the calm eye of experience he viewed the rain of oranges, potatoes and desuetudinous bananas that fell around him.

"Pretty good-natured crowd," he mused, while "to be or not to be" rolled from his lips almost unconsciously. "Not an egg yet."

Scarce had this thought crossed his mind when he felt the old familiar crash of an eggshell on his aquiline nose, and the curtain was rung down.

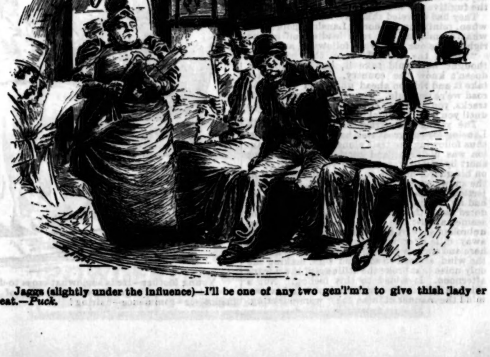
"First fresh one I ever had throwed at me," he remarked, as he idly picked up a piece of the shell. A bit of writing, in a delicate feminine hand, attracted his eye as he gazed at the fragment. 'Twas the name and address of Edith Everdene.

III.

From the Morning Scalpnife.

Mr. Edgar Gumbleson, the manager of Miss Edie Everdene, the phenomenal Southern soubrette, reports magnificent business for that charming little lady. It is no violation of confidence to say that in private life Miss Everdene is Mrs. Gumbleson. Mr. Gumbleson was at one time a noted tragedian, under the pseudonym of R. Barnes Tormer, but his entire attention is now devoted to the interests of his talented and vivacious wife.

Sizing Her Up



Jagg (slightly under the influence)—I'll be one of any two gen'l'm'n to give thish lady er seat.—*Puck.*

Five Hundred Dollars Reward

AN AMATEUR SHERIFF AND AN ARIZONA DESPERADO.

By Buckey O'Neill in The Argonaut.

"That isn't a bad reward!"

"No; if a fellow could catch him he would make pretty good wages. Let's see," and the second speaker hozan to read the printed card that the postmaster at Hard Scrabble had just tacked to the door of the store that constituted the "office," so that everyone might read:

"TAKE HIM IN!

"$500 Reward will be paid for the arrest and delivery of Rube White, to the sheriff of Yavapai County. He is about twenty-five years old, six feet tall, and slim, with light complexion, and has a big scar on the right side of his face. He is wanted for robbery and other crimes. If killed in resisting arrest the reward will be paid on satisfactory proof of his identity. When last heard from was making for the Tonto Basin country."

By the time the reader had finished, a crowd of half a dozen or more men surrounded him.

"Now, if that feller is headed for the Tonto Basin country, it wouldn't be much of a trick to take him," said the first speaker, reflectively, as if debating with himself the advisability of making the attempt.

"If you hear me, he ain't going to be taken in, and the feller that tries it is going to have his hand full. They have been after him for two or three years and ain't got him yet. They say he's right on the shoot," remarked another of the crowd.

"Well, a feller ought to know him as soon as he sees him, from that description," hazarded the first speaker, "if he got up close enough to see the scar; and then all he'd have to do would be to turn loose at him if he didn't throw up his hands when you told him. Besides, nobody but him would try to cross over the mountains into the basin with this snow on the ground. Blamed if I don't think I'll go after him."

"Well, somebody ought to round him up," asserted someone in the crowd; "he's been foolin' roun' hyah long enough, jes havin' his own way, sorter as if the country belonged to him. Durned if I wouldn't go myself, only I didn't have to take this grub over to the boys in camp."

"Well, if any of you want to go, all right. I'm going," replied the man addressed as Hi.

It was not the first time that Hi Lansing had been on such expeditions. He was one of those men for whom danger seems to have a fascination. At his remark, Frank Crandall, a young fellow who had been standing quietly by, volunteered to accompany him. The crowd turned toward him with more interest than they had thus far evinced during the entire proceedings. It was but a few months since he had come among them, fresh from the east, to take charge of one of the mines which had been closed down by the winter's storm. For weeks he had been cooped up in the isolated settlement, and he longed for something to break its monotony.

"Well, get your horse and gun and come," replied Hi, and in an instant the two men had left the room to arm and equip themselves for the chase, while the loungers gathered around the stove to discuss the probabilities of their success. In a few minutes the two men rode past the door, each armed with rifle and six-shooter, and the crowd, stepping out, bade them good-bye, with the oft-repeated warning: "Be keerful and don't let him get the drop on ye."

The crust of the unbroken snow cracked crisply under foot as the two rode on fast, leaving the little settlement in their wake. For some time neither spoke; but, at last, the silence was broken by Lansing, asking his young companion: "Did you ever try this kind of thing before?"

"No," replied the young man; "I never have."

"Well, then, you want to be keerful. If you don't lose yer head, you're all right. The only danger is that we may run on him before we know it."

"And if we do, what then?" asked the young man.

"Well, he will probably commence shooting, and if he does, and you aren't hit the first rattle out of the box, why, you want to git off n your horse and git behind something and shoot back. If ther ain't anything to get behind, keep your horse between you and him, and keep a-shooting. Whatever you do, don't let go of your grip. But what you want to do is to see him first, and then we've got the play on him, and all you have to do is to tell him to throw up."

"And if he don't throw up?" asked Crandall.

"Why, then you let him have it. The reward will be paid just the same."

The apparent indifference with which Lansing spoke of the entire matter, much as if he were discussing the best method of hunting a wild animal, shocked the young man; but he had committed himself too far to withdraw. Besides, he had that feeling that all men have when they are young—the curiosity to know whether or not he could rely on himself when danger threatened.

"We should strike his trail on the hills here, if he is really heading for the basin country," said Lansing. They had been riding for several hours in silence through the snow, unbroken by aught save the scattered pines that here and there dotted the mesa. Before them towered the mountains through whose passes the man whom they were after would have to pass in his search for safety in the half-settled wilds beyond.

As the two men rode along, scanning in each direction the snow covered mesa, Lansing suddenly turned his horse to the right, and when Crandall joined him he pointed to a narrow trail where two horses had passed through the snow.

"That's him. He's driving one horse and leading another, and he hasn't passed by very long, either. See, the snow hasn't had time to drift in it," said he.

With the discovery his whole demeanor had changed. A new look came into his eyes, and his voice sounded strange. He even grasped his weapons in a manner different to that he had heretofore displayed. "He's right ahead, and we want to look out," the older man continued, as they began to follow the trail. As they approached the summit of each hill they would stop their horses, and Lansing would dismount and crawl to the top so that he might look, without being discovered, into the valley beyond, in order that they might not come on the fugitive too suddenly.

They had traveled this way for several miles, when, reining in his horse, Lansing pointed to what seemed an old road leading off to the right of the one they were following, and said:

"That's the 'cut-off' into the basin. I thought he would take it, he probably doesn't know the country. You had better take it and ride on ahead until you strike the road we're on again. Then if you can't find his tracks, you had better ride back to meet me until you do. I will follow the trail up."

The young man tried to expostulate with Lansing for the great risk he was assuming, in thus following the trail alone, but his companion was obdurate, and cutting the argument short by again warning the young man to be on his guard, he rode on, following the trail in the snow, while the younger man, finding objection useless, took the "cut-off" road. He had no difficulty in following it, and he wondered why the man they were in pursuit of seemed almost like a dream to him. The snow, unbroken save by his horse's footfall, stretched away mile after mile in every direction, with here and there a pine through whose branches the wind seemed to sob and sigh, making the only noise that broke the stillness of the wintry afternoon. It added to this feeling. Not a thing in sight. He began to depict in his own mind the manner of man they were pursuing. He had almost forgotten his name. After all, what had the man done that he, Frank Crandall, should be seeking his blood? Perhaps like himself, the man had a mother and sisters to grieve over any misfortune that would overtake him. These and a hundred kindred thoughts passed through his mind. The sun was fast declining as he passed from the "cut-off" into the main road again. The air was getting chilly with the coming of evening, and the snow in the distance took on colors of pink and purple where the rays of the setting sun touched the mountain peaks. He scanned the main road eagerly to see if the man they were in pursuit of had passed, but the snow that covered it was unbroken. Then he rode back on the main road, in the direction from which he had come, to meet his comrade and the fugitive. He had just ascended one of the many rolling hills, when, in the distance, he discovered a man riding one horse and driving another. At the sight his heart almost stood still. He dismounted, and leading his horse to one side, concealed him in a clump of young pines. Then he returned to the road-side and waited. The man was urging his horses forward, but they seemed to be wearied and made but slow progress. Crandall felt his heart beat faster and faster at the length of time it took the man to reach him. He examined his revolver and rifle, cocking each, to see that they were in order. It seemed to relieve the tension of his nerves. After he had done this he knelt down so that he could fire with surer aim, and waited. He did not care much now whether the man resisted or not. If the fugitive resisted, he would have to stand the consequence of resistance. It was nothing to him. He could hear the footfall of the approaching horses in the snow, and he cocked his rifle so as to be ready. The setting sun shone full in the man's face, but Crandall forgot to look for the scar that the notice had said was on the right cheek, although he had resolved to do so particularly. When he first discovered the fugitive, he scanned the road behind him to discover Lansing, but the nearer the man approached, the less Crandall cared whether Lansing came or not. He let the man approach nearer and nearer, so that his aim would be more accurate. He could not afford to throw away the first shot. The face of the man grew more and more distinct. He seemed to be oblivious to his surroundings. Crandall felt almost disposed to let him pass, but the thought that everyone would think him a coward if he did so spurred him on, and, rising erect, he ordered the man to surrender. The horse that the man was driving in front of him, frightened at Crandall's appearance, swerved from the road, leaving the two men facing each other. For an instant Crandall looked straight into the other's eyes. Then the man raised his rifle from the pommel of the saddle, and Crandall fired. The horse which the man was riding sprang from the road, and at the same moment his rider's gun was discharged. The smoke from Crandall's own gun blew back into his eyes, and he turned it to follow the movements of the man at whom he had fired. As he saw the man still erect in his saddle he felt the feverish haste to fire again come over him that men feel when they have shot and missed and know that their life may be the forfeit of their failure. He threw another cartridge into the chamber of his rifle and raised it to his shoulder, but before he could fire the man reeled from his saddle and fell, while his frightened horse galloped off through the pines.

Crandall stepped toward him, holding his rifle prepared to fire again if necessary. As he did so, the man raised his hand, and said simply:

"Don't dre—you've got me."

The snow was already red with blood where he lay. For the first time, Crandall looked for the scar that the description said was on the right cheek. For an instant he did not see it, and his heart seemed to stop beating with the fear of having made a mistake, and when, on drawing nearer, he saw that it was there, that only the pallor which had spread over the man's face had made it indistinct, he could have cried out with joy at the feeling of relief that passed over him.

"Are you badly wounded?" he asked.

"I don't know how bad it is. It is here somewhere," the man said, placing his hand on his breast, as if not certain of the exact spot. "It feels numb like," he added. Stooping down, Crandall unbuckled and took off the man's cartridge-belt and threw it into the snow, where lay his rifle, and then he tore open the man's shirt. As he did so his fingers came in contact with the warm blood, and he involuntarily drew back, with a feeling of disgust.

"Did you find it?" asked the man, who was watching him closely, and who had observed the movement.

Recalled to himself by the question, Crandall again tore at the shirt, exposing the breast. Where the blood did not cover it, it looked like marble, despite the dark hair on it. He could not see the wound, on account of the blood, until he had wiped the latter from the breast, and then he found it.

"What do you think of it?" the man asked.

"There it is," replied Crandall. He could not say more. The appealing tone in the man's voice for some hope—some encouragement—made him feel faint and sick.

"What do you think of it?" the man repeated, in a querulous voice, and, as he did so, he coughed until his mouth filled with blood, and he spat it out on the white snow.

Crandall shook his head and walked toward where his horse was tied. He felt that if he watched the wounded man any longer he would faint. Noticing his walking away, the wounded man said:

"For God's sake, don't leave me. Now that you have killed me, stay with me, and don't let me die like a dog."

The voice was one of entreaty, and Crandall returned and seated himself in the snow by the man's side. The sun had gone down, and the twilight had come on, bringing with it the chill of night. Crandall covered the wounded man's body with his overcoat, and raised his head from the snow. Almost unconsciously he noted that as the patch of red made by the blood grew larger and larger, the face of the wounded man grew whiter and whiter. He never took his eyes from Crandall's face, while his breath came quicker and shorter, as if he breathed with labor. With each breath the blood seemed to bubble from the wound in the breast. One of the man's hands fell from under the coat that covered him. As Crandall raised it from the snow, its coldness sent a chill through him. Once he had asked the wounded man if he could do anything for him; but the man had only shaken his head in reply. Crandall felt like reviling himself for what he had done, and wondered why the wounded man did not reproach him. Even when he expressed his sorrow at having shot him, the dying man had said gently:

"Don't mind it. It's too late now."

The twilight gave way to darkness, and still he sat there. He could not hear the dying man breathe without leaning over his face. He did not do this but once though, and then the dying man had opened his eyes and looked up in to his face inquiringly. Crandall would rather have stayed there until morning than to have caught that look again.

Suddenly he heard a voice call to him. He started as if he had been fired at, but it was only Lansing. As he answered the call, Lansing rode forward and, seeing the outstretched form on the snow, said:

"By God, you got him!"

"Hush!" replied Crandall, fearful lest the wounded man would hear the exulting tone which grated on his own ears as nothing had ever before done. But not minding the admonition, Lansing dismounted, and striking a match held it close to the man's face. It was pale and cold, and the half-opened eyes were glazed. They did not even reflect the light made from the match, but from the partly opened mouth a tiny stream of half-coagulated blood seemed to be still flowing down over the beard.

"That's him, and it's a pretty good day's work we have done by earning that reward," said Lansing coolly, as the match went out.

Somehow, though, as Crandall lay awake through the night, within a few yards of the body, to keep the wolves from it so that it would be unmarred in the morning, when they would lash it to a horse and take it into the settlement for identification, he wondered why Lansing could sleep so soundly. As for himself, the rigid form, covered with only a saddle blanket, lying where the snow was red instead of white, was always before his eyes, even when he closed them.

"Son Struck."

His Dull Season.

"You're a professional ball player, ain't you?" inquired the seedy-looking party leaning against the bar.

"Yes," answered the man with the gorgeous necktie and diamond pin.

"And you're a good one, too. I've seen you in the box."

"You know me, do you?"

"You bet. Remember that game you pitched against Brooklyn when they didn't get a hit till the seventh inning?"

"Yes. Yes. Did you see that game?"

"Did I see it? Well, I say, do you recollect that four to one game with the Philadelphys when you put out the side twice handrunning with only three pitched balls each time?"

"You saw that, too, did you?"

"Did I? You haven't forgot that time when you went into the box in the eighth inning, after the Bostons thought they'd got a dead cinch on the game, and you pulled it away from them, 9 to 7, have you? I saw that, too."

"That was a great game."

"It was immense. I'm a professional myself, by the way, but I'm in hard luck this season. I can do good work in my position, too, pard, and I haven't got any bad habits, but I don't seem to catch on. I haven't had a job since the warm weather begun."

"Broke?"

"Hain't got a red."

"Here's a dollar, and I'll set up the drinks."

After the seedy-looking party had concealed the coin about his person, and disposed of a cocktail likewise, the man with the gorgeous necktie said:

"What nine did you play with last?"

"Me? I'm not a ball player."

"You're not? What the Sam Hill are you?"

"I'm a racer."

"A racer? In what line?"

"Ice yachts."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Words.

Young Mother—He is somewhat cross to-day. He is teething.
Old Bachelor (in great awe of the mite of humanity)—And when do you expect him to commence—er—commence—hairing!

Her Corroboration.

"We had dead loads of fun, didn't we?" asked Miss Bleecker.

"Yes," replied Miss Emerson, "we had lifeless burdens of hilarity."

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News.* The Canadian edition is finely illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price, 50c.; cloth, gilt, $1. For sale at all bookstores. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

"Are you fond of flowers, Mr. Bumstead?" asked the *debutante.*

"Not particularly, Miss Adlet," replied Bumstead with an admiring glance at his questioner. "My preference is decidedly for buds."

As a Drink in Fevers

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. Chas. H. S. Davis, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have used it as an accessory in cases of melancholia and nervous debility, and as a pleasant and cooling drink in fevers, and have been very much pleased with it."

A Question.

Why is it that the slow boy in school, who is at the foot of his class, is generally at the head of a running race and can beat the head boy every time at baseball?

At Its True Value.

The manager of the Dominion Railway Advertising Agency, Mr. Alfred Roberts, 79 King street West, Toronto, Ont., writes: "I desire to testify to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil as a sure remedy for sprains, bruises, rheumatism, &c., having had occasion to use it in my family for some time past. In fact I would not be without a bottle of the oil in my house for double the amount charged." Well worth it.

Willing to Wait.

Uncle Ebony—I's in trubble, suah, sah. My wife she say she done get a divorce an' leah me fo a dude coon dat's been makin up to her, sah, of I don' get a new suit ob clo's.

Featherstone—Well, uncle, I may have an old suit around somewhere. How soon do you want it?

Uncle Ebony—Wa-al, dat depen's sah. Any time arter she leah me, sah, will be soon enough.

When asked where she was going this summer Mrs. Bijous Smythe replied:

"We are going to try a new experience, one that promises health and a good time generally for the family. We leave for the Island Monday, where we shall literally enjoy the "three acres and a cow" so necessary to the happiness of a summer home; this, together with a dollar and a half keg of spadina brewery ale, ought to surely help us pass an enjoyable summer.

The Guilty Conscience.

Mrs. Gramercy—What in the world has induced you to leave that lovely place in the country and return home so suddenly?

Mrs. Park—My husband has been writing every day saying how lonely he was.

Christian Endeavor Special Train to New York, via Erie Railway.

Rev. Dr. Dickson, president of the Ontario Christian Endeavor Union, announces that a special vestibule train will leave Suspension Bridge on July 6 at 3 p.m., arriving in New York next morning at 8 o'clock. All Endeavorers should see that they reach Suspension Bridge in time to take their train. A single fare has been arranged from all points to New York and back, and those desiring Pullman accommodation should secure them at once and avoid the rush at the last moment. For full particulars apply to Rev. Dr. Dickson, Galt, or to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington Street East, C. P. A. Erie Railway, Toronto.

A Sure Sign

Merritt—I'm afraid Cora didn't think much of that painting I gave her.

DeGarry—She surely didn't tell you so?

Merritt—No, she wouldn't do that. But I hear she hung it up in her brother's room.

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and well assorted stock to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

Not Flattered.

Photographer—What makes you think there will be trouble about this woman's pictures?

Clerk—A friend asked me to come to see them said they looked very much like her.

LALLY!!!

LACROSSE STICKS

AND

Athletic Requisites of All Kinds

Sold at reasonable prices. Special discount to clubs.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.

89 King St. West, Toronto

LAWN TENNIS RICH QUALITY---LOW PRICES IN TENNIS GOODS

Reduced Prices for Ten Days

H. P. DAVIES & CO 81 Yonge St., Toronto 89 King St. East, Hamilton

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 23 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Before and After.

Mrs. Newed—You never objected to my talking before we were married.

Newed—But, my dear, you didn't talk to me then as you do now.

Indigestion. Dizziness. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"That's the meanest railroad on record," said the editor, pointing to the depot.

"How so?"

"Well, I wrote to the general manager for an annual pass and he sent me a linen duster and a pair of shoes. I suppose the next time I write they'll send me a bicycle."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

M. LACHANCE.—Sir—It is with pleasure that I certify that Dr. Sey's Remedy which you sold me has cured me of chronic constipation which had caused me much suffering. In addition, I have for some time suffered from heaviness of the head, &c., due to my age; these symptoms made disappear after a few days use of the remedy. For ladies at the turn of life there certainly is not a better medicine. MRS. GRATTON, No. 5 St. Therese.

Aunt Tabby—John says in his letter that the fraternity of Sigma Chi has been admitted to Yaleton.

Uncle John—Well, I guess we had better have that boy come home. I don't want any son of mine to go to school with a lot of Chinese laundrymen.—*New York Tribune.*

Sheep Raising in Dakota

Is a financial success, as is evidenced by the statements made by prominent Dakotians in a pamphlet just issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, copy of which will be sent free upon application to J. H. Hiland, Gen'l Freight Agent, Chicago, Ill., or to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Pass. Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.—[Adv't.

Mabel—Is Miss Saintly really as pious as people think she is?

Mae—Oh, yes; I'm certain she is.

Mabel—What makes you so sure?

Mae—Why, her clothes fit her horribly.

WE WILL SEND absolutely FREE for three months trial of the two Family Journals published (64 long columns) to every person who can find

THREE FACES

On this figure.

Enclose 9 cents to pay for mailing.

Medical Adviser and Farm Help, Bowmanville, Ont.

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A Narrow Escape.

Colonel Augustus Chopleigh, late of Her Majesty's Indian army, lived in stately retirement upon his snug little estate in one of the pleasantest of the home counties. From an outsider's point of view, the colonel seemed to possess most things which are generally considered to constitute mundane happiness. His liver had survived pawnees, curries, and a tropical sun, intact; his income was ample; he belonged to two or three good London clubs; he had an excellent cellar of wine; he was respected by his neighbors and worshipped by his tenants; and he rode to cover on the best of cattle. Yet with all this, the colonel had two eternally grinning skeletons in his cupboard.

The first was the possession of a ne'er-do-well son, and the second was the non-possession of a wife.

Augustus Chopleigh, junior, although a ne'er-do-well in the eyes of a parent who was more rigid and precise than are most gentlemen who have breathed the atmosphere of barracks cantonments during the best part of their lives, was, after all, but an ordinary, "every-day young man." He betted a little, it is true; he belonged to a club where play was sometimes high of an evening; he could drink his claret like a man; he was a connoisseur in cigars; he possessed two or three long tailors' bills, and he was given to staying in town sometimes for a week at a time.

Still, after all, what could be expected of a high-spirited young fellow who had received a first-rate education, and was therefore unfitted for any serious walk in life; who was good-looking, who dressed well, who found life at stately Dum Dum Hall a little monotonous at times, and who had a handsome annual allowance at his disposal?

But in the eyes of the colonel all these little peculiarities were heinous crimes, and the poor old gentleman, as he pondered in the solitude of what he called his "study," saw very clearly that unless the young rascal was settled in life, with a well-bred, well connected girl, he would infallibly follow, at headlong pace, that broad road which leads to destruction.

Often alone at Dum Dum Hall, deprived of the society of his son, and not caring very especially for that society when offered, it was hardly to be wondered at that the colonel yearned for a suitable partner in his exile.

The memory of the departed Mrs. Chopleigh could hardly be said to be yet green, for she had succumbed to an aggravated attack of jungle fever some twenty years before, when Augustus, junior, was but a stripling in short dresses and bare legs. It might be said that the remedy was a second Mrs. Chopleigh. There were plenty of eligible spinsters who would have jumped at an offer from such a fresh-faced, active, wealthy gentleman, who was little beyond the prime of life.

There was, however, an almost invincible obstacle to the colonel's marrying again. Unlike most military men, he was painfully shy; perhaps remembrances of the departed Mrs. Chopleigh, who was known as the Dum Dum Tartar, had driven out the youthful assurance which had won her; at any rate the flutter of a petticoat awakened feelings within the gallant colonel's breast which were not to be stirred by a horde of yelling, mutinous Sepoys, or by the stiffest bullrush in the country. He had loved at a distance a score of times, but he had never placed himself within speaking distance of the various objects of his affections.

Suddenly matters took a different turn.

A young lady of strikingly prepossessing appearance—Millicent Vanjohn, only daughter of the Reverend Aloysius Vanjohn, the only vicar—had been espied by the colonel proceeding up the lane which ran parallel with his grounds, as he paced along his favorite shrubbery walk. Being on his own property had inspired him with courage; he had paused at her, and she had blushed and looked down. He hurried into the house and shut himself up in his study.

"I am fifty-five," he said to himself. "I am—well, I am good-looking; my waistcoat is of decent girth; I have a good complexion, and a man is only as old as he feels. Why shouldn't I? I may be called an old fool. Well; there are plenty of even older fools in the world. I—well—I will!"

Miss Vanjohn was walking at the identical hour the next day, and the next day after that, and so on for more than a week, and each day the same little comedy was played—sheep's eyes on the part of the colonel, blushes and looking down on the part of Miss Millicent Vanjohn.

Did Miss Vanjohn walk up that lane so regularly with a fixed purpose? Why, of course she did.

Punctually at four o'clock every afternoon Mr. Augustus Chopleigh, junior, met her at the top of it. It was rather an odd thing to do—he daughter of a well known parson meeting clandestinely the son of an equally well known colonel. The following conversation will explain it.

"Oh, Gus! I begin to feel so awfully guilty, meeting you like this! Why can't we love each other openly? There's nothing to be ashamed of in it."

"For more than one reason, my darling. I've a bad reputation down here; all fellows in country places have who go up to town, belong to a club, drive down to Ascot, take medicinal B. and S.'s and so on. If the old man were to know that I was spooning you he'd rush off to your father and warn him. If your father were to know he'd rush off to mine and tell him that I wasn't a fit aspirant for the hand of his daughter."

"Is your father such a terrible old gentleman, then? What is he like? I have never seen him."

"No, I don't suppose you have. He fights shy of anything with a petticoat in it. I've known him out a good run short because there were ladies alone with him in the same field, and he was afraid that in case of accident he'd have to assist them. He's an old fellow, with a fresh complexion and a gray mustache, and always wears shepherd's plaid trousers, summer and winter. Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Don't go on, Gus, please don't, or I shall die of laughter!"

"Why, what is there to laugh at Millicent? By Jove, if you saw him in a temper you would not laugh."

"Why, my dear Gus—he's—he's in love with me!"

"The old boy—my father—in love with you! Nonsense, my dear, nonsense, I say! Why, he's more afraid of a girl than of an earthquake or a boa-constrictor, or anything. What upon earth makes you imagine that he is in love with you, Millie?"

"Why, every day when I come along here he is walking in the garden. I've always supposed him to be the steward, or some one. And he makes such eyes at me! Oh, you'd laugh if you could see him. I try not to, but I know I blush and look awfully silly."

"By Jove, Millie, it's no laughing matter—that it isn't. A man's father his rival in love!"

That evening Mr. Gus appeared at home at an unusually early hour.

"Well," was the greeting of his parent, "you are not here so precious early with that old goody-goody face for nothing, I'm sure, you young scamp! When you turn up punctually to dinner I know you want something out of me. But stand, not another halfpenny do you get. I've already advanced your quarter's allowance, and if you've been squandering it on actresses and race meetings and unlimited loo and dinners at Bristol, I won't help you. And not only that, sir, but I am going to put a stop to it. Once for all—and Augustus Chopleigh is a man of his word—I don't care if Stulty, or Golding, or Moses or any of them come down and dun you at this very door, not a rupee do you get out of me."

"What a deuce of a hurry you're in, father; I don't want money from you," said the young man.

"Well, what the dickens is it, then?" asked the old gentleman, seeing that his son looked confused.

"Why—well, I'm in love, that's all," replied Gus. "And I'm going to be married to the best girl in England—a perfect lady, well bred, well connected, and—"

The effect of this speech upon the old colonel was electrical. He jumped up from his end of the table, almost upset Parker, who was handing him the chillies, rushed toward his son and shook his hand heartily, his face beaming with excitement and pleasure, as he exclaimed:

"You're sure of what you say? It isn't Finne of the Jollity, hey? A lady well bred, well connected—

"I've been a bit of a scamp, perhaps, father," said the young man, "but I've never gone in for low form; so, when I tell you she's all that could be wished, you must believe me."

"Of course I will; of course I do!" roared the colonel. "Who is she?"

"Well, I don't want to give her name just now, for many reasons, but you may take my word for it that's she's nobody to be ashamed of," said Gus.

"All right; all right; I won't ask any more questions. So long as you are going to steady down with a good, ladylike wife I don't care," said his father. "By gad, Gus, I thought you were going to be a millstone round my neck for the remainder of my life. And now, my boy, you've astonished me, so I'm going to astonish you. What do you think is about the most unlikely thing I should do?"

"Give up hunting!" replied Gus, "or sell your orchids; or put up for the country; or—

"No, no; nothing of that kind," said the colonel, chuckling. "I'm—I'm going to be married too."

The son affected the greatest astonishment. The colonel continued:

"But look here, my boy; it won't interfere with your prospects, and—and, when I say I'm going to be married, I mean that I have my eye on some one, and I rather think, ahem! that some one has a reciprocal eye on me. I'm not such an old bird, sir!"

"Not a bit of it," replied Gus; "and may I ask who the fortunate object of your attention is?"

"Well," answered the colonel, laughing, "I've a good mind not to tell you, you dog, as you keep me in the dark about your ina-morata. But I will. Do you know Miss Vanjohn?"

"Tall girl, brown hair, brown eyes?" asked Gus innocently.

"Yes, yes—that's the one! She's going to be Mrs. Chopleigh the second," said the colonel, rubbing his hands gleefully. "I think—ahem! that if I can screw up my pluck I shall speak to her to-morrow."

That evening the Reverend Aloysius Vanjohn received an unexpected visitor in the shape of Augustus Chopleigh. Urged by the desperate aspect of matters, the young man had resolved to face the terrible parson, as he believed him to be, and to lay the state of affairs before him. To his glad surprise the reverend gentleman, who was really a good fellow and thought very well of Gus, laughed heartily at the thought of the colonel's suit and promised Gus that Millicent should marry him when and where he pleased.

"I say, Gus," roared the colonel, as they were leaving the smoking-room for bed, "promise me you'll bring Mrs. Chopleigh here directly after you're married."

A few days after Millicent Vanjohn was quietly and unostentatiously made Mrs. Augustus Chopleigh in London. Faithful to his word the young man wrote informing his father of his marriage, and telling him that he should run down on the following day to introduce his bride to her new father.

The colonel was at dinner—that is to say, he was playing at dinner—for what with his own consuming passion and the eager expectation with which he awaited the arrival of his son and his daughter-in-law, he sent away untasted every dish that was set before him.

The door bell rang, the colonel jumped up to answer it himself, but checked his movement suddenly.

"No, no," he said; "I'll have it a surprise to the last."

Gus entered.

"Here I am, father!" he said.

"Yes, yes! but where's," said the colonel impatiently.

Gus went out and reappeared with Millicent. The colonel staggered at first, and something like a frown gathered on his brow. But he recovered himself, and with a smile that illuminated his whole face, said heartily, addressing Millicent:

"I am indeed delighted to welcome you to my house as a daughter." Then turning to his son, he added "Gus, my boy, you've had an uncommonly narrow escape!"

Joaquin Miller on Bret Harte.

Recently an article appeared in a San Francisco daily attacking Bret Harte, accusing him, among other things, of never paying his debts. Joaquin Miller has come to his defence, and, in another journal, thus takes up the cudgels for him:

"Year after year, and year after year, it has been proclaimed that Bret Harte was in debt for board, for washing, borrowed money, and what not.

"Now, I will pay dollar for dollar on any debt that Bret Harte owes in this city, this State—aye, in the United States. The statement that he owes any thing will make the proud and sensitive man angry, and he will insist that there is no need of making such an offer. But the truth is a good thing to have in our California family of writers, and we can't have too much of it. I am not caring at all for Bret Harte's personal friendship or paying for his feelings. But I am caring a heap about this habit of throwing mud at an absent man merely to make a sensation.

"Let me tell you, all this 'debt' business was looked into in Washington long, long ago. Harte was there, out of money, ill, and unable to work, and so he applied for Federal employment. These nasty California fictions, to the shame of the State and to the sorrow of nearly every soul in the State, were thrown in his teeth, and he had to take what he could get, a miserable little place at Crefeld, a pottery town on the Rhine! And thither the man went in his banishment, with a French grammar and a German grammar. A gray-haired man, who had covered his land with immortal glory, set down to learn French and German, in order to do his duty in the shipments of pots, so that he might eat his bread and not borrow or beg. I tell you, it could not but have killed him, miserable. But malice, envy, sensation, had to have away in San Francisco, and the Federal Government could not do much for a man so soiled with mud.

"When John Hay was made assistant to Harte, Harte wrote him the facts about Harte, and in a little time came back a glorious letter, 'I've got Glasgow for Harte!' That is the way the letter began, and that is the way Bret Harte got to Glasgow. John Hay, a poet, a brother-writer, a man, a gentleman, like Harte, got it for him. That is the way the writers do in New York, in London, anywhere that the world is half-way Christianized. I want to tell you, my fellow-scribes, and more especially my friend, Jerry Lynch, we are about a century behind the times out here. A little kindness, a little bit of brotherhood, and the truth—the cold, clear truth—that is all I ask for Bret Harte.

"Bret Harte can do without California. But California can not do without Bret Harte. He is, and will for all time be, the pillar of fire by which the world knows that there is such a land as California, and that California is gloriously, truly beautiful, and full of blossoming splendor for the thousand years to come.

"I will tell you, my brother scribes, what we want. We want another Bret Harte; we want a dozen, fifty such men; as many such men as we can get. And I am willing they shall be idle—even in debt. No danger they will ever be very numerous.

"Tell me, what is the difference between California and Australia? To be frank with you, to pack a whole lot of truth in a single little tin-can, like concentrated milk, I will tell you that the main difference is Bret Harte.

"Understand distinctly, I have no authority to speak for Bret Harte. He is not my friend; he never was. We differ radically in our own views of life. He likes leisure, luxury, and kid gloves; I like toil—hard-fisted, naked-handed toil—and believe that a people will perish very soon if it surrenders to his mode of life. But on one thing I believe we fully agree, and that is the old-fashioned English idea of fair play."

All in the Giving of It.

A certain New Yorker, whose income permits the gratification of his generous impulses, wanted to send a substantial gift to an old friend, a clergyman, whose small parish in a distant community vouchsafed him more of the reverence than salary.

"I'm going to send Blank a hundred dollars," the New Yorker announced to his wife one day in December.

"Are you? I'm so glad," she said.

After a little talk she asked:

"How will you send it?"

"By check, of course; how else should I send it?"

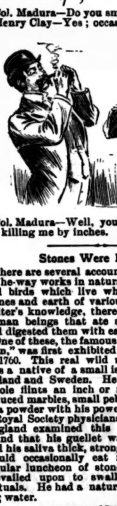
But the wife demurred.

"It seems a little too—too sordid, doesn't it, for a man like Mr. Blank? Let me manage it—may I?"

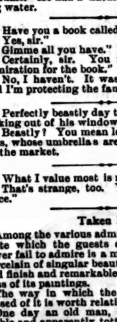
The husband consented. On Christmas morning a registered express package was delivered at the little Western parsonage to Mrs. Blank. She opened it wonderingly, and found a flat box. Going further, a mat of silk paper was removed, and a dainty booklet of Christmas remembrance was disclosed. This was taken out and admired. Something showed still under a second mat of paper, and when that had been put aside, there, fitted neatly in the bottom of the box, were five tiny silken bags, each tied close with a tiny bow of ribbon. Each contained a twenty dollar gold piece.

This was the lady's delicate way of eliminating the check element.

A Terrible Example.



Col. Madura—Do you smoke, Henry? Henry Clay—Yes; occasionally.



Col. Madura—Well, you should give it up—it's killing me by inches.

Stones Were His Food.

There are several accounts on record in out-of-the-way works in natural history of animals and birds which live wholly or partially on stones and earth of various kinds, but, to the writer's knowledge, there have been but two human beings that ate stones with a relish and digested them with ease.

One of these, the famous "Stone Eating Wild Man," was first exhibited at Avignon, France, in 1760. This real wild mastication of stones was a native of a small island lying between Ireland and Sweden. He not only swallowed whole flints an inch or more in length, but reduced marbles, small pebbles and other rocks to a powder with his powerful teeth.

Royal Society physicians of both France and England examined this strange being, and found that his gullet was abnormally large, and his saliva thick, strong and corrosive. He would occasionally eat raw flesh with his regular luncheon of stones, but could not be prevailed upon to swallow bread or other victuals. He had a natural aversion of drinking water.

"Have you a book called Pansy Poems?"

"Yes, sir."

"Gimme all you have."

"Certainly, sir. You must have a great admiration for the book."

"No, I haven't. It was written by my son, and I'm protecting the family name."

"Perfectly beastly day this," said Hollyhock, looking out of his window at the pouring rain.

"Beastly? You mean lovely," retorted Hawkins, whose umbrella's are said to be the finest on the market.

"What I value most is my peace of mind."

"That's strange, too. You've such a small piece."

Taken In.

Among the various admirable productions of taste which the guests of Baron Rothschild never fail to admire is a magnificent service of porcelain of singular beauty, elegance of shape and finish and remarkable for the artistic richness of its paintings.

The way in which the baron became possessed of it is worth relating.

One day an old man, careworn, wrinkled, feeble and apparently tottering on the verge of the grave, presented himself before Baron Rothschild, soliciting the honor of an interview with the famous banker.

The old man was so aged, so poor and had altogether so dejected an aspect that the baron was immediately impressed with a compassionate feeling toward him, which feeling became one of lively interest on learning that he was a Jew.

It is well known that the Israelites are very charitably disposed toward all their brethren. The aged visitor took from his bag a rich and beautiful plate, so splendidly wrought that the baron admired it exceedingly and became greatly delighted with it.

"Sir," said the patriarch, "will you buy this of me? I have the whole set, and it has struck me that a service so beautiful cannot find a more fitting place than in the mansion of the prince of financiers."

"It is indeed very fine," said the baron. "How much do you want for the service?"

"Look you," said the old man. "I am bowed down with many years and have not long to live. I am poor, and wish to end my days in comparative comfort. Will you, in exchange for this valuable set of porcelain, give me an income for life of one hundred francs a month? It is not much money for you, and I am so old."

The baron looked at the poor man, examined the plate again, and after a few minutes' reflection said:

"Well, be it so. Here is the first payment. Send me the service and give me your name, that I may have it entered in my treasurer's books."

The splendid set of porcelain was delivered the same day to the baron, and in a month afterward, while he was seated in the counting house, a man entered and asked for the second payment of the promised income. But the man was young, scarcely thirty years of age, of a vigorous constitution and great muscular development, and looked as if he would live for a hundred years.

"But you are not the man!" exclaimed the astonished banker.

"I assure me, baron," said he. "I am indeed the man."

"But you appeared at least eighty years old," said the baron.

"But, sir, I am only thirty."

"In fact, I thought your venerable appearance did not belie your assertion."

"I have wonderfully recovered, thanks to your generosity."

The baron laughed heartily and gave orders for the payment of the money, exclaiming,—

"Ah, you are an excellent comedian and have taken me in thoroughly."

"I am probably the first who has done so," answered the Jew, politely bowing to the millionaire.

For several years Baron Rothschild pa'd the monthly allowance, but then this porcelain service is so exquisite that he saw no reason to complain.

How She Managed It.

A young couple in a Lancashire village had been courting for several years. One day the young man said to the young woman,—

"Sal, I've decided to marry thee."

"How's that?" she asked.

"I've changed my mind," said he.

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," she said. "If folks know that it's then as has gotten me up, I shanna be able to get another chap, but if they think I have given thee up, then I can easy get another chap. So we'll let banns published, and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' and thou must say, 'I will,' and when he says to me, 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say, 'I winna.'"

The wedding day came, and the minister said to the man:

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

"I will," answered the man.

Then the parson said to the woman:

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

"I will," she said.

"Why, you said you would say 'I winna,'" the young man said furiously.

"I know that, but I've changed my mind since then," answered the young woman.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents must wait their turn and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupon are not studied.

BOYS.—Childish writing is not delineated. Thanks for your nice little letter. Some day later, when you are grown either, I will read your writing for you.

BRET HARTE ONLY.—The writing is also crude and unfinished, a delineation would not give satisfaction. Please give up that horrid trick of writing back hard, its meaning is not nice.

NIE.—Not much danger of a sleighride while I am answering this, is there? Yet as a little off date. You are mirthful, energetic, persevering, good-tempered, inquisitive, frank and agreeable.

OLIVE, Park Villa.—You are constant, a little romantic, fond of society, discreet, and a great lover of beauty. Your judgment is pretty good and your mind sensitive and refined. A little more force and determination would not hurt you.

MAJELLA.—This writing shows carelessness in detail, rather a high sense of honor, some ideality, a rather humorous temper, not much veracity, nor very a hundant enterprise, constancy, not impulsive mind, some love of beauty, prejudice and slight discontent.

FLIRT.—You are impulsive, cautious, rather lacking in affection, fond of gaiety and fun, rather ambitious, impatient and good-tempered, a trifle selfish, very persistent in getting what you set your heart on, rather a diplomatist and having large ideas and some sympathy, a good friend but a promighty mean enemy.

MOLLIE DOOR.—This is a strong but unattractive writing. I think it, combined with Bret Hart, needs age to form it, but I find in it both temper and tenacity, caution and rather too much self-assertion. These unfinished hands give all sorts of naughty traits, Mollie, which are not just to the writer, whose handwriting nor character are either formed yet.

QUEEN.—You are fond of a lark, very good-tempered even under provocation, not at all selfish, nor too fond of soft comes, genuinely helpful though not always so, independent, rather practical and decidedly cautious and prudent in speech, matter-of-fact, very fond of the beautiful, intellect well developed, a slight obstinacy, and independence is not unattractive.

TWINKLE STAR.—Are you still twinkling? If so, I hope you will see your delineation. I am afraid you "happen" to see a good many things in your emphatical way. You are rather a difficult character, slightly selfish, impatient of details, sufficiently persevering, not very cautious in speech, fond of fun, lacking in perseverance and judgment, rather self-willed, a trifle selfish, but not stingy, rather lacking in tact, but very honest.

CONSTANCE.—1. If you are of age you might send them out in your own name, but if your mother allow you to use her name in addition it will look and be much better, write "Mrs. and Miss." Your writing is pretty.

2 You are rather idealistic, self-esteem is plain, adaptability, considerable talent and rather a trifle stubborn. Your affection and self-indulgence are small, and determination good.

HERMIA.—You are decidedly in touch with your *nom de plume*, often letting good things pass you by in your haste to get to the desired end or wish. You are smart, vivacious, persistent, fond of pleasure, energetic and with good ability, a little selfish and very self-willed, generous in some ways, hasty in speech, lacking caution and care. A little more method in your madness would be a good thing. You need not apologize for sending your study, is is as good as a strong sea breeze, full of life and go.

BEE-AS SPARROW.—1. I am sure the lady elocutionist you mention would not have minled you and that you may accept her encouragement. 2. To stimulate the growth of the hair, if it is dry and wiry, brush it lightly for half an hour every night, braid it loosely and don't tie the ends tightly or you will break them. 3. A good elocution book is Shoemaker's, price $1.40, at P. C. Allan's. 4. The professor you mention is expensive but first-class. 5. You can get to succeed, as you have some imagination, good constancy, seldom giving up a point lightly, but you rather lack sympathy.

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is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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Music.

AMONG the events that signalize this portion of the season's record are the closing of the various schools whose efforts in the cause of music make Toronto one of the centers of artistic life in our Dominion. One of the chief of these is the annual closing of the Loretto Abbey, which took place on Wednesday afternoon of last week. A large audience more than comfortably filled the pretty auditorium of this institution, and listened with pleasure to the exercises which were the crowning effort of the year's work in this school. A pleasing feature of the afternoon's entertainment was the excellent singing of the chorus of the young lady students, some seventy in number, who sang a greeting to the Archbishop, composed by Signor D'Auria, the vocal instructor of the institution, and a chorus by Lohr, Good Night, Dear Friends, in excellent style. The young lady graduates of the abbey, Misses, Stuart, Deane, Hawkins, Lachance and Bawes, received their distinctive ornaments, which they will doubtless preserve during their lives as mementoes of their scholastic career. Special excellence was attained by the instrumental performances, pieces played by twelve hands on six pianos producing most artistic effects. Miss Agnes Hawkins gave a very successful rendition of Mendelssohn's Rondo Brilliant, and showed great facility of execution and a decided artistic temperament. Miss Chopeaska showed the versatility of her talent by a recitation by Victor Hugo, entitled Le Roi de Rome, and by her excellent harp playing in conjunction with the 'cello playing of Miss Hawkins. Miss Ida Hawley gave a very acceptable rendition of Luzzi's Ave Maria, and Miss Tottle Dodge presented an exceedingly creditable performance of Massenet's Ballade Francaise. An excellent effect was produced by the pantomime of Paradise and the Peri, given by the young ladies of the institution.

*

The public concert of the Toronto College of Music was given on Thursday evening of last week in the Pavilion in the presence of an overflowing audience. The popularity of this institution was thus shown, and the performances of its students won no end of applause. Instrumental numbers were furnished by Miss Maud Kane, Miss Genevieve Canniff, Miss Metcalf, Miss Lina Adamson, Master Harry Torrington, Miss Sullivan, Mrs. Weeks Church, Miss Couen, Miss Taylor, Miss Rogerson, Miss Hatton, Miss Hey, Miss Davis, Miss Dilworth, Miss Breen, Miss Cowley, Mr. Welsman and Mr. Burden. Vocal numbers were rendered by Miss Snarr, Miss McFaul, Miss Bonsall, Miss Reynolds, Mr. Chattoe, and Mr. Shaw. The teachers represented were: Mr. F. H. Torrington, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, Mr. E. W. Donville, and Mr. F. T. C. Jeffers. Miss Marguerite Dunn added to the pleasure of the evening by a telling reading of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's How Salvator Won.

*

On Wednesday evening of last week the choir of the Church of the Redeemer gave the last of its series of services of song for this season, when the choir sang in excellent style under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch, the choirmaster of the church. The soloists were: Miss Minnie Gaylord, Miss Mary Jardine-Thomson, Miss Lillie Kleiser, Miss Maud Beach, Mr. Alfred Sturrock and Mr. Schuch. Organ solos were excellently played by Mr. A. S. Vogt, while the organ accompaniments were carefully rendered by Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli.

*

On Monday evening Mr. B. K. Burden gave a very interesting organ recital in the hall of the College of Music, in the course of which he played numbers by Bach, Mendelssohn, Smart, Handel, Guilmant, Lemmens and Wagner. Vocal solos were contributed by Miss Beatty and Master Eddie Reburn.

*

The Toronto Vocal Society, owing to the resignation of Mr. W. Edgar Buck, has made a change in its conductor, having elected Mr. E. W. Schuch to fill that position for the ensuing season.

METRONOME.

Cricket News.

IN spite of unfavorable weather the Ottawa vs. Toronto match produced some interesting features. On Monday the visitors showed incontestable superiority in bowling, and their field was admirably placed and captained. Turton's analysis of seven wickets for twenty-six runs was a tail performance against a strong batting team, and Bristowe is to be congratulated on the manner in which he sent down maiden after maiden. I was glad to see that Laing has thrown off that lethargy which has distinguished him so far this season and batted and fielded up to that form which has placed him amongst the foremost cricketing youngsters of the country. Jones, who always fields well, was deservedly applauded. Fleury batted very well, and Leigh (pro.), as usually happens when the team goes to pieces, rapped out a little pile in a masterful way. Coste's batting was a good display of scientific cricket, the doubtful balls being carefully played and the loose ones mercilessly punished. This player is an illustration of the fact that cricketers as well as poets are "born, not made," as he never touched a bat until he was twenty-five years of age. His 48 were well made, and Warden's 45 not out was an equally good performance. For Toronto the only man who made a stand in the second innings was Goldingham, for 30. Defeat by Ottawa is hard enough for the Toronto's to take, but defeated by an innings and 13 runs makes this a tear-starting tragedy. This game should not be overlooked when the international eleven is chosen.

Lincoln and Welland counties played a match on Monday, the latter winning in the first innings by 52 to 65. These county games should be encouraged. Judge Dartnell of Whitby, the guide, philosopher and friend of cricket in Ontario county, is a firm believer in county games, and thanks to his efforts his county has placed a fairly strong and representative eleven in the field for several years past. It looks as though the team will not get together this year. Perhaps Judge Dartnell and the players of the county are hopeless after much unaided effort of getting up a good series of county games. As an ex-member of the Ontario eleven with fond recollections of games against Simcoe, Peterboro' and Toronto, I must express regret at the languor which has overcome attempts to popularize the playing of county games. My experience is that such matches afford more pleasure to the players and arouse a wider interest than any other. Some club in a county must take the initiative by writing to adjoining clubs with a proposal to select a team, and then it is easy sailing. Inside a week an arrangement can be reached and a good county eleven will set out to try conclusions with some convenient county.

Parkdale 11, Trinity 201 for 8 wickets. The cricketers of the flowery suburb there and then met with about the most signal catastrophe recorded this year. Grouse did most of it. First the Trinity pounded out 72, literally pounded them out; and then he commenced to bowl and set that California swing movement going with awful effect. Laing scored 41 not out by true cricket, and Robertson put up a creditable 27; Broughall, 18; D. L. McCarthy, 16, and Cameron, 13. I might be suspected of malice if I revealed the names of any of those who batted for Parkdale.

In the inter-college match between Upper Canada and Trinity School, Port Hope, the latter won by six wickets. During the past fifteen years the School has had rather the best of this annual game. Andrews, Rogers, Jones and Seagram did most of the effective work for the winners, while the two Cosbys, Mockridge, Crerar and Moss distinguished themselves somewhat in the losing cause.

The Ottawa-Montreal game was won by the former easily by 105 for 3 wickets to 33. F. S. Dickey, recently of Toronto, topped the list for the winners with 41, Ackland coming next with 20. None of the Montreal men reached doubles.

A. SLOW LOBB, JR.

The Fakir.

I WAS interested in the defence a friend of mine was making some time ago against the charge of being a fakir. He acknowledged that he was unable to grasp the meaning of the term as it was applied to him, for he was under the impression that it contained the idea of deception and dishonesty, and he had heard some very good men, himself among the number, called fakirs. They were ministers of the Gospel, and how could one holding such a position be justly charged with fraudulent practices? He finished his remarks by leaving the impression that he was seriously troubled about the matter and quite anxious for information.

Out of sympathy for a brother in distress I have made some investigations and am persuaded that the term in all its various shades of meaning is properly used.

The original fakir was full of religious enthusiasm and began his career by consecrating himself to a life of poverty, a course which seemed to necessitate his begging from door to door for his daily bread. Soon learning the irksomeness and inconvenience of such a life, he sought to solve the problem of making comfort and convenience compatible with poverty and religious purity. He was aided in this undertaking by a power especially conferred upon him for the purpose of interpreting the spiritual or mystic side of his religion. This power enabled him to discover by some esoteric means that it was not necessary for him to give up his private property to keep his vow of poverty, and the next generation of fakirs had for its maxim, "The seeker of gain is the friend of God." The seeker of gain became convinced in the course of time that he could more successfully show his friendship for God by exercising his mysterious gifts in other ways than interpreting religious laws. Hence he developed into the itinerant juggler, skilful in feats of legerdemain, famous in making miraculous cures of the sick and apt at effecting fraudulent sales of goods. To find people to exercise these arts upon it was necessary for him to attract attention. This he did by public fire-eating exhibitions, by rolling head over heels for hundreds of miles, or by wandering about in the clothes in which he was born, with his unkempt hair twisted into a turban. Nor could these methods for showing a friendliness toward the Almighty be questioned, for the mystic power of the fakir also freed him all authority save that of his spiritual guide or of Allah himself speaking directly to his soul. The poverty-stricken, self-sacrificing, religious enthusiast thus became the extensively advertised, highly admired man of mysterious authority, more or less shrewd in concealing his callous selfishness and subtle dishonesty in his efforts to obtain wealth and popular applause.

Such was the fakir of the East. How familiar he has made himself in this western world! At the country fair or on the village street corner he sets the rustics mouth agape with his sleight-of-hand tricks as he sells his cakes of soap or rings of "gold," wrapped up with ten dollar bills which suddenly vanish when the package is opened by the speculative purchaser. In town hall or city theater he entertains and mystifies his audience of the evening by displaying the powers of the professional magician, or more dangerous than these he plays the part of the faith-cure physician, who by prayer and the laying on of hands for the consideration of one dollar of lawful money a visit cures or kills trusting sick folk. In this last character the original fakir is more correctly represented because of the introduction of the religious tendency. The combination of this tendency with habits that smack of subtlety, selfishness and deceit, so often seen in the successful preacher, no doubt the cause of the frequent application of the term to the pulpit orator. Here my friend may be taken as an example.

His becoming a preacher of the Gospel was the result of a deep conviction that he should give up the ambitions of this world and consecrate himself to the service of the Lord. He was honest and earnest in his efforts to carry this conviction into execution; so much so that in a very short time his vigorous denunciation of religious hypocrisy got him into trouble. A council of his church solemnly decreed, on the representations of those whose feelings had been hurt by his hard-hitting sermons, and without giving him an opportunity of defence, that he should be dismissed from the service of the Lord on the ground of "unfitness." Friends coming to the rescue he was restored. But he had learned his first lesson, viz., that the church expected him to preach as the people wished and not as he himself thought right; that might was the right that ruled in the religious denomination to which he belonged; that this might was based upon a mysterious power given from on high, which was always right even though unjust, dogmatic, tyrannical and cruel. The change in the tone of his pulpit utterances that resulted from this lesson was first exulted over by his enemies, then praised. Often he received personal compliments. Notice was taken of his sermons by the country newspapers. He became popular. His salary was small, for country people are under the impression that a preacher does not need money, but he was charged less than the ordinary man for everything he bought, admitted free to all entertainments and exempted from taxation. The habits of most men are chiefly the result of their circumstances, and my friend began habitually to look for applause as the fruit of his preaching. He even yielded at times to the temptation of writing up accounts of his own eloquence, to which a convenient friend lent his signature when the report was sent in to the local paper. In financial matters he was close, and would quietly congratulate himself when he was able to get the best of a bargain, which he usually did, probably because of the help of that mysterious power from on high which justified him in such practices, as it had justified the church council that had forced him to give up his manhood. But he was a success. He succeeded at last in getting a city pulpit with a good salary. He was by no means without ability and expanded to fill this wider sphere. But the habits he had acquired still clung to him. The inspiration of that mysterious power he had been so deeply impressed with in early life enabled him to deliver impassioned discourses on the wrongs suffered by the employee and the duties of the employer, while he took precaution to beat down the struggling theological student to a starving pittance for supplying his pulpit during the summer heat, he himself enjoying the comforts of the watering-place and the heavy balance of the fat salary his supply was earning for him at home. Nor was his love for notoriety at all lessened. No business was advertised more carefully than his pulpit. He patronized newspaper reporters, and when these failed to remember him he availed himself of his telephone to tell the glad tidings to the city editor that the Rev. Mr. So-and-so had delivered an interesting and able sermon. Growing bolder he at last visited in person the office of his favorite daily, where each Sunday night he would be found regularly writing up notices of the services of his church that day, until at last it began to be whispered about that the Rev. Mr. So-and-so was quite a fakir.

Was he conscious of his faults? I hardly think so; his habits had become too deep-seated. He defended them with excuses like those used by the drunkard and libertine. He was a good fellow in many ways and quite anxious to "save souls," still he had all the characteristics of the well trained religious fakir.

PREACHER.

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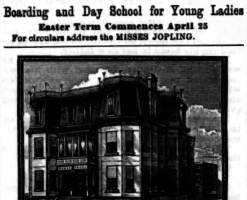

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

The annual spring meeting of the Woodbine Driving Club has been the sporting feature of the week, extending over Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Some fine turn-outs and some exquisite out-door costumes graced the occasion, of which more mention will be made next week.

The Island Amateur Aquatic Association held its annual meeting last Saturday evening. Among those present were: Messrs. C. E. Macrae, Cayley, N. Macrae, Wilson, Muntz, Dyas, Pearson, Hilton, Rolph, Denison, Ross, Godfrey, Gordon, Merrick, Wade, Murray and others. The chair was taken by the president, Judge McDougall, who in a few words expressed the pleasure it gave him to preside at a reunion of the association. The report read by Secretary Branchaud was very encouraging. It referred to the success of last summer's sports and races, as well as the other enterprises upon which the association had embarked. The financial position of the association was also favorable; $50 had been given to the Fresh Air Fund and $150 to the Sick Children's Hospital, showing that the benefits derived from the association had not been confined to its members. After the reading of the annual report was completed the election of officers for the ensuing year was proceeded with, resulting as follows: President, Judge McDougall; first vice-president, Norman Macrae; second vice-president, C. E. Maddison; secretary, F. M. Delafosse; treasurer, Henry Wade; captain, G. Harold Muntz; committee of management, G. E. Macrae, T. W. Dyas, S. Sykes, A. L. Branchaud, Buff Garrett, Frank Rolph, F. O. Cayley, L. H. Moffatt, John Dick, C. E. Good, Mr. Nelles, E. Rolph; lady patronesses, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Moffatt, Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. Bartlett, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Gzowski and Mrs. Hilton.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

The strawberry and ice cream festival held in the Park on Wednesday was one of the most pleasant and successful ever given by the Ladies' Guild of St. Mark's. The day was absolutely perfect with the exception of a shower or two late in the afternoon, which seemed in no degree to dampen the spirits of the fair waitresses at the many gaily decorated booths, or of those who had come to enjoy themselves and meant to accomplish their object under all and any circumstances. Everybody was present, and the scene from four o'clock until ten was really a very pretty one. All the morning those in charge of the different booths taxed their ready imaginations for ways and means whereby they might outvial the others in the attractive decoration and artistic touch, and the result was a marvelously pretty one. To the teatable, however, if to any, was due the credit of having excelled the rest both in taste and elaboration, and at this truly beautiful little arbor dainties and substantials of every kind were dispensed by Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. Morson, Miss Waters and Mrs. Best. Close to this was the candy booth, the bright curtains and festooning of which took in a very pretty group of small fir trees, making a most enchanting little spot of scarlet and white with a background of green, at which nearly a hundred pounds of delicious sweets, all made by the charming waitresses in attendance, were all too quickly disposed of by Mrs. Charles Hunter, Mrs. J. Scarth, Miss M. Colquhoun and Miss B. Paffard. A little beyond this, very pretty in white and yellow, was the fancy table upon which things useful, odd and ornamental had been arranged by Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. and Miss Godden, Miss Best and Miss W. Servos. At the flower table, over which floated the only flag on the grounds, were Mrs. Beal, Mrs. Winthrop and Miss Tyrhitt; while so placed as to be entirely separate and yet utilizing the same pretty decorations of blue, scarlet and white was the lemonade tent, presided over by Miss Beaven and Miss Sandham. At the ice cream table, prettily and very attractively festooned in white and blue, were Mrs. H. Hewgill, Miss Arnold, Miss A. Paffard and Miss M. Geale, while adjoining this, also in white and blue, was the strawberry booth in charge of Mrs. Nash and Miss A. Evans. During the afternoon and evening the splendid band of the 12th Battalion played a number of beautiful selections, the music being one of the greatest attractions of the day. In every way the event was a complete success and afforded the officers and men in camp as well as numbers who arrived purposely to be present a most delightful day. Among the many present were: Miss H. Beardmore, Mr. and Miss Cawthra, Mr. P. Ball, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Paffard, Miss Chittenden, Mr. Gordon and the Misses Heward, Miss Scott, Mrs. Tyrhitt, Lieut. Laurie, Dr. Drinkwater, the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMorine, Mr. H. O'Brian, Lieut. Howard, Capt. and Miss Geale, Miss Baxter, Mr. Ardagh, Mr. Nelles, Mrs. and Miss Blake, Mrs. Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. H. Garrett, Miss C. Hewgill, Miss Griffith, Miss Fabian, Mrs. L. Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, the Misses Jarvis, Mrs. J. C. Garrett, Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. C. Hunter, Major Nelles, Miss Ince, Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. Shaw, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Carmen, the Misses Baldwin, Miss Ker, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Arnold, Mr. T. Scott, Mr. W. Kirby, Miss Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. T. Harvey of Chippawa, Lieut. E. Armstrong, and numbers of others.

ST. MARY'S.

Rosemond, the home of Dr. Rupert at 56 Queen street, was the scene on Wednesday last of an unusually pretty wedding, it being the occasion of the marriage of Miss Ella Anell, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Rupert, and Mr. Lewis A. Howard, second son of Mr. R. H. Howard of Toronto. The drawing-rooms and dining-room were tastefully decorated with the most beautiful flowers of the season. The ceremony was performed at 5.30 p.m. by Rev. J. Scott, assisted by the cousin of the bride, Rev. D. R. Leland of Princeton Theological Seminary. The bridesmaids were Miss Ethelwynne Gregory of Lindsay and Miss May Leland Rupert, sister of the bride, and the groomsmen were Dr. R. A. E. Burns and Mr. Richard Howard. The bride was charmingly attired in a dress of cream silk with court train of cream brocade, ornamented with orange blossoms and tulle veil fastened with diamond pin, the gift of the groom. She carried a bouquet of white sweet peas and maiden-hair fern. Misses Gregory and Rupert, the bridesmaids, were dressed in silver gray brocade and carried white and pink roses; they were the gift of the groom—a dove set in pearls and diamonds. After the impressive ceremony was performed the guests retired to the dining-room, where they partook of the wedding supper. Mr. and Mrs. Howard left on the 5.30 train for New York. Their trip includes Boston and a few weeks at the seashore. On their return they will make Toronto their future home. The presents were very numerous and handsome.

Despair.

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Out of Town.

PORT HOPE.

The *elite* of Port Hope society were entertained by Miss Helen Quay at Lakeview, her mother's residence, Dorset street, on Friday evening of last week. The spacious drawing-rooms were decorated with flowers, on which the lights shone through their colored globes with picturesque effect. Mrs. Quay assisted her daughter in receiving the guests. Dancing was the order of the evening, and the entertainment was one of the best in its appointments and most enjoyable of the season. The assemblage was the most richly dressed which has graced a Port Hope drawing-room for some time. Mrs. Quay was attired in black brocade and real lace; Miss Quay, cream and serpent green *crepe*; Mrs. Mulligan, black net over pink silk; Mrs. Montlambert, salmon pink silk; Miss Holden, pale blue *chiffon;* Miss Burnham, cream bengaline; Miss Corbett, nile green silk and steel ornaments; Miss Farby, buttercup yellow silk; Miss Mamie Farby, pink silk; Miss Guernsey, mauve gown with feather boa; Mrs. R. Paterson, cream surah; Miss K. Guernsey, pale blue silk; Miss Paterson, pink silk trimmed with silver ornaments. We noticed the following gentlemen amongst the guests: Messrs. Lauder, Strang, Kirkpatrick, Cobourg, Green, Chesholm, McGee, Paterson, Baird, Trayes and Corbett. FRANCIS.

WINDSOR.

Seldom in the history of All Saints' Church has its capacity been taxed as it was by the large number of the people of Windsor who gathered there shortly after seven o'clock, on Monday evening, June 20th, 1892, to witness the nuptials of Madeline Pole, the elder daughter of Walter J. Hayward, Esquire, and Charles E. Gale, of Pittsburg, Pa., and by its presence, prompted by no mere idle curiosity, testified to the high esteem in which Miss Hayward was held by all. Shortly after half-past seven the bride, attired in white silk with veil and orange blossoms, entered the church upon the arm of her father and proceeded to the altar attended with characteristic and becoming grace by her sister, Miss Charlotte Hayward, and Miss Fanny Gale and Miss Marcon. The beautiful and impressive service of the Church of England was conducted by Canon Hinks, M.A., rector of the church, assisted by the Rev. F. W. Rakes of Emporium, Pa., uncle of the bride. The capable rendition by Miss Gillett of Lohengrin and Mendelssohn's wedding marches, lent a charm to the attractive and happy scene. The guests were the relatives and dear friends of the contracting parties, among whom were: Mrs. McNider of Toronto and Mrs. Rakes of Emporium, aunts of the bride, and Mrs., Miss and Messrs. T. A. and Robert Gale, the mother, sister and brothers of the groom. After the ceremony the guests were driven to Mr. Hayward's pretty residence, where complete justice was done the tastefully and sumptuously spread board and the health of the bride and groom was drunk in the choicest vintage. The presents were numerous and handsome. At eleven the happy couple left by the steamer the City of Cleveland for Cleveland, to proceed thence eastward and after some time spent in pleasant journeying to make their home in Pittsburg, where all Windsor extends to them wishes for joy and life long happiness.

BEAVERTON.

One of the most fashionable weddings which have taken place in this vicinity for some time was that of Mr. Smith Thompson, a prominent citizen in this town, to Miss Rose Marguerite Gaudrie, daughter of Mr. Wilfred Gaudrie, which was solemnized at the residence of the bride's father, Brechin, by Rev. R. H. Raley, on Wednesday, June 15th. The commodious drawing-room, in which the ceremony was performed in the presence of many relatives and friends of the bride and groom, was artistically decked with flowers and their fragrant sweetness filled the air. The charming bride was given away by her father. The pretty wedding dress of heliotrope surah, *en traine*, trimmed with *chiffon* lace, was becoming to her brilliant beauty and her graceful *petite* figure. She carried a superb bouquet of white roses. Miss Florence White, of Peterboro', performed the duties of bridesmaid with easy grace. Her costume was of white cashmere surah, trimmed with white ribbons and amber ornaments. She also carried a beautiful bouquet of roses. The groom, who deported himself with dignity, was supported by Mr. K. Davidson of Beaverton. Mrs. Wilfred Gaudrie, mother of the bride, wore a rich dress of old gold satin and black lace. Mrs. Thompson, mother of the groom, was attired in black silk. Appropriate and elaborate costumes were worn by the other ladies of the company. The wedding repast was perfect in every detail and thoroughly enjoyed. The bride was the recipient of many rich and handsome gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will reside in Beaverton on their return from their bridal tour.

BRANTFORD.

Convocation exercises in connection with the Ladies' College were held in Zion Church last eve. Miss Grace McIntosh of Vancouver, B.C., won the medal. The costumes worn by the fair lady graduates were extremely handsome. I especially noticed that of Miss Carrie Lawrence, who looked lovely in a sweet dress of white pongee silk and lace. Miss Jessie Duff wore a beautiful gown of white silk. Miss Grace McIntosh was attired in a very becoming costume of white henrietta and *chiffon*. Miss McEachren looked charming in a magnificent gown of white silk. The speech of the evening was made by Mr. J. A. Wallace. It was particularly brief and witty.

The Lawn Tennis Club was badly beaten last Saturday by the Victoria Club. It is to be hoped they will improve before playing against Guelph, which is expected to take place inside of a fortnight.

Mr. J. Hamilton has bought Cedar Glen. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will move to their large and handsome residence in a few weeks.

Miss Frances Hyman of London is the guest of Miss Reba A. Hoople.

Miss Bunnell is visiting friends in Montreal.

Mrs. (Col.) Smith, who has been visiting Miss Hoople for the past two weeks, has returned to Stratford.

Miss Rolls, teacher of music at the Ladies' College, sailed from Montreal to-day in the Persia for England. SAILOR.

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The Penetanguishene Summer Hotel is now open. This is one of the most delightful hotels in Canada for a summer outing. See advertisement.

Exquisitely Cool Garments for Warm Weather

GAMBRIC AND SATEEN BLOUSES, the latest Russian style, with frilled collar and front, all colors, at 75c., $1, $1.25.

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LADIES' TEA GOWNS, in Cream Delaines, with floral designs and charming effects, at $9.50.

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NOTE—We are clearing the balance of Paris Pattern Hats and Bonnets at 50 p.c. off marked prices.

A special line of Sailor Hats, in cream, black and navy, fully trimmed, at $1.

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Births.

CARSWELL—June 23, Mrs. W. E Carswell—a son.
SMYTH—June 20, Rev. W. S. Smyth—a daughter.
ROBERTSON—June 11, Mrs. W. W. Robertson—a daughter.
DUNNING—June 21, Mrs. C. W. Dunning—a son.
O'HARA—June 14, Mrs. Henry O'Hara—a son.
BURK—June 23, Mrs. A. W. Burk—a daughter.
WOOD—June 22, Mrs. E. F. C. Wood—a daughter.

Marriages.

BOLTE—ARMOUR—June 22, Auguste Bolte to Elsie Armour.
BUTLER—TROLLEY—June 22, John J. Butler to Aggie Trolley.
IRWIN—PATTERSON—June 22, William Irwin to Rebecca Patterson.
WOOLNOUGH—COLBREE—June 22, William Woolnough to Jennie V. Colbree.
McKEOWN—WOODS—June 23, Walter McKeown, M. D., to Minnie Woods.
HYNDMAN—NICOLL—June 22, William Hyndman to Elizabeth Helen Nicoll.
BEGG—McEACHREN—June 22, W. G. Begg to May McEachren.
RICHARDSON—McKELLAR—June 21, Frank Leigh Richardson to Lena Agnes McKellar.
GILCHRIST—SHARP—June 22, Rev. J. R. Gilchrist, B.A., to Lizzie Sharp.
BRANDON—HUGHENT—June 22, J. Aurilious Brandon to Sara Nugent.
COWAN—BECK—June 23, George H. Cowan, M. R. C. S., to Clara Beck.
PIHEL—GREY—June 23, Cyrus Pihel to Annie Grey.
TRELOAR—LITTLE—June 21, James Treloar to Laura Little.
WEATHERHEAD—CHAPMAN—June 22, Robert J. Weatherhead to Florence M Chapman.
CLEMENSON—GALLAGHER—June 23, Dr. J. M. Clemenson to Charlotte Annie Gallagher.
ZIEGLER—SILVERTHORN—Dr. C. H. Ziegler to Minnie Silverthorn.

Deaths.

HOPE—June 23, Jane Mary Hope, aged 71.
DEVANEY—June 23, John Leitch Telford Devaney, aged 17.
MUIR—June 22, William K. Muir.
MUNSON—June 22, Hannah Elizabeth Munson, aged 51.
PRINCE—June 15, Charles Prince.
SHARP—June 24, Henry Sharp, aged 53.
CHAPMAN—June 27, Nathan Chapman, age 81.
CLUNIE—June 27, Mrs. Elizabeth Clunie, aged 83.
GRASETT—June 26, Edith Mary Nita Grasett, infant.
LAIDLAW—June 26, James Laidlaw, aged 38.
PATTERSON—June 25, Mrs. Catherine Patterson, aged 72.
MILLS—June 26, Mrs. Richard Mills, aged 35
McGLASHAN—June 15, Sarah Mayne McGlashan, aged 74.

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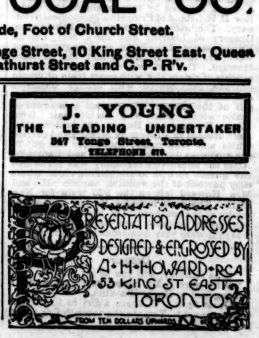
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